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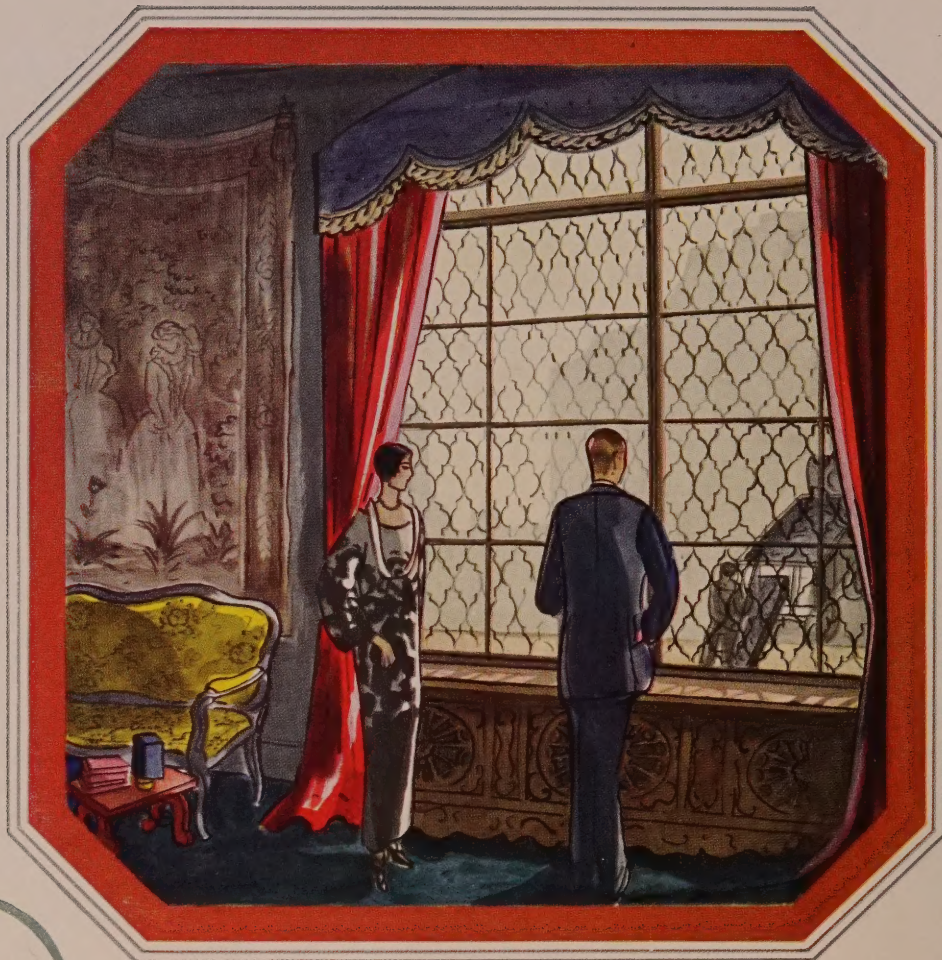
INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



August 1924

PORTRAIT OF MRS. JEFFERSON PENN
by
Ercole Cartotto

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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Works of Art



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by

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS : 1723-1792

Size 25 x 30

Described in "Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds" by Algernon Graves, P.S.A.—Vol. IV

Described in Sir Walter Armstrong's "Sir Joshua Reynolds"

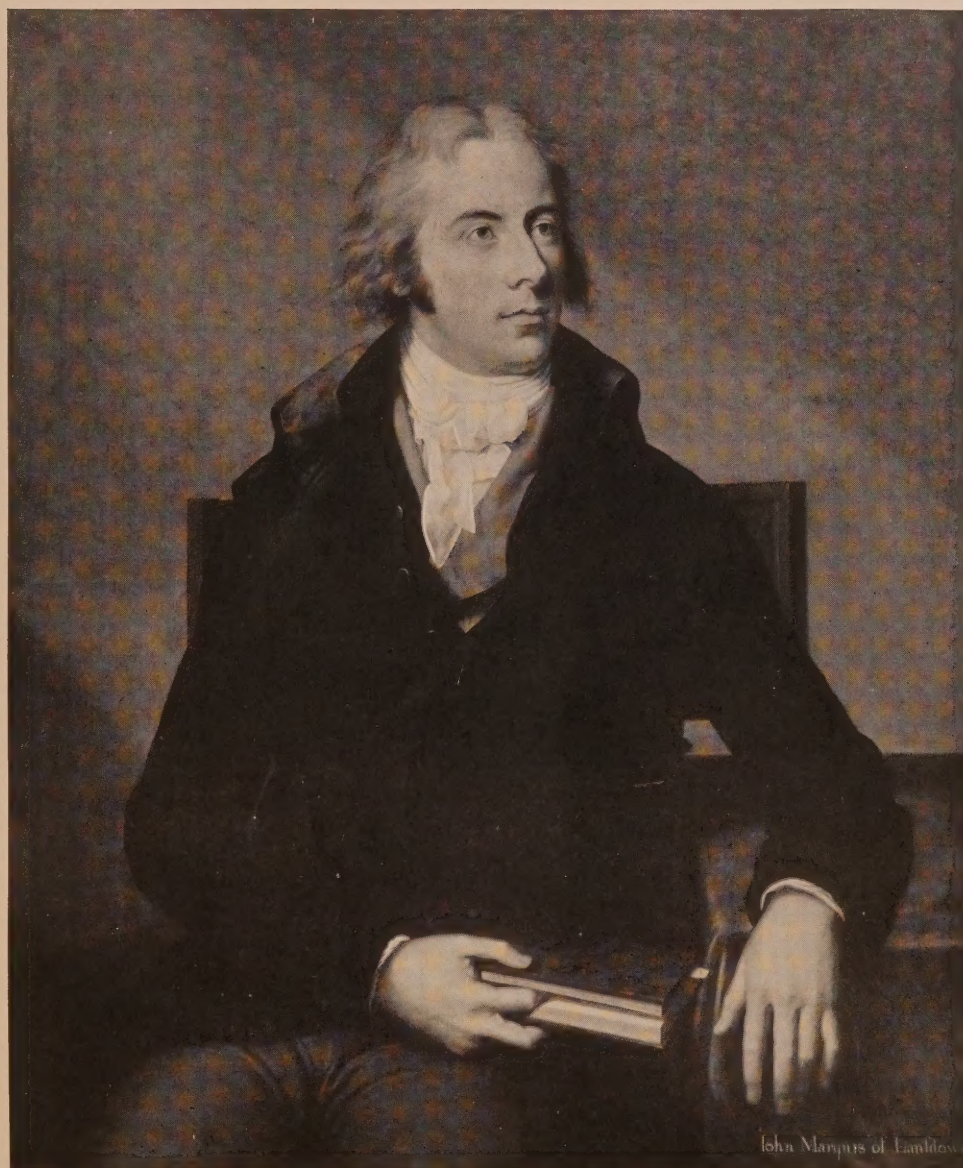
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OLD MASTERS AND ART OBJECTS



Portrait of the Marquis of Landsdown
Signed and dated by Fabre, 1795

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“INDIAN SUMMER”

Courtesy of the John Levy Galleries

by George Inness, 1894

EL GRECO, *Modern Old Master*

EL GRECO is both an old master and a modern painter. It is by reason of this paradox that he becomes a means by which we may test the true value of our beliefs about art.

Sixteenth century painter's work was almost unknown until French artists "discovered" him fifty years ago

JUSTIN BLAKE

"design" or what you will, according to the predilections of the school of criticism you follow. So that, after all, neither the position which a painter may have held in his own day

nor the remoteness of that day can serve as guides to appreciation.

All of this is pertinent to a consideration of El Greco, for, granted that he was a pupil of Tintoretto's, court painter to Philip II, and the foremost painter in sixteenth-century Spain, and that, under other circumstances, a wealth of tradition equal to that surrounding the Florentines would have built around him, it is none of these things which entitle him to the name of artist.

From the fate which has met the painters and artists of the Renaissance it would seem evident that, given time, public opinion is right. Suppose for a minute that there were such a thing as a truly sensitive critic who, nevertheless, had seen nothing but contemporary painting. Let us suppose further, and this is not so difficult, that he was in violent disagreement with the public about contemporary art. Nevertheless if he were brought to a collection of Italian paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries his judgment would, probably without exception, accord with that of the public whose opinions he had previously considered worthless. He would, therefore, be forced to acknowledge that only about those things which were novel would the public be wrong or doubtful, that in the course of time, even the apparently insatiable craving for pictorial sweets was cured. And he would be right, but only partially.

For it would seem that long association is not altogether necessary to a general appreciation of

He would be brave, indeed, who dared question the greatness of Michelangelo or Tintoretto. Their work has lived through the centuries; has, with the passing of time, gathered a great weight of veneration; has become with that of the other masters of the Italian Renaissance the standard by which all other art is judged. There is no quarrel with the standard. Rightly understood the art of any period confounds imitators, cleverness pursuing "originality" as an end, and empty prettiness. For art and art alone is the measure of esthetic values. Too often, as has generally been the case with the Italians, the superficial qualities of a work of art, its technique, its subject matter, its age, have been confused with the main issue. It is not because Michelangelo was a great painter, nor because he told a story with a dramatic skill which has seldom been surpassed, nor because he executed important commissions, that his work has endured and ranks among the finest we have known. Andrea del Sarto was as fine a painter and, technically, often a better draughtsman; although his narrative lacked the fire of Michelangelo's, it was still beautifully told; he was one of the great in his day. But he was a painter only; Michelangelo was both painter and artist. It is for that reason that almost anyone can name ten of Angelo's works to one of del Sarto's.

There is a quality to painting or sculpture which only art can give, call it "spirit," "grace," "significant form," "rhythmic dynamism,"



"THE EXPULSION OF THE MERCHANTS"

In the Frick Collection

BY EL GRECO

DETAIL FROM "THE BURIAL OF COUNT D'ORGAZ"

In the Church of San Tomé, Toledo

BY EL GRECO





DETAIL FROM "THE BURIAL OF COUNT D'ORGAZ"

BY EL GRECO

art if only a respectable cloak of antiquity can be thrown over it. El Greco is a case in point. Here is a man whose work has only a limited measure of the superficially pleasing qualities which are thought to tickle the public taste. It has many which, from a modern hand, would shock and give offense. The figures are "all out of proportion," even more so than are Michelangelo's. There is violent movement in his compositions, a strident boldness in his coloring. There are no

"quiet and restful passages." And yet the public has accepted him as an "old master" and this in one generation. Thirty or forty years ago, apart from a most restricted group of painters in Paris, El Greco was hardly more than a name to even the historians of art. Today he is everywhere regarded as one of the greatest artists of all time; he has even achieved the ultimate honor of a classification and is called the "supreme example of the baroque in painting."



"THE BURIAL OF COUNT D'ORGAZ"

In the Church of San Tomé, Toledo

BY EL GRECO

Because of the controversy, still rife, over the merits of the "modern" painters who were contemporary with his rediscovery and whose work is in many ways so closely allied to his, the circumstances of his long neglect and sudden elevation are worth review. We are forced, willingly or not, to judge on the merits of the work alone. There is almost no tradition or biographical data. We

can not, as with the Italians, play safe and accept the verdict of time. We are confronted with an "old master" whose work, so far as our knowledge of it extends, belongs to the period which saw the beginning of "modern art."

Spain for many centuries has been a barren and neglected historical field, most particularly with regard to art. Spanish art, with the exception

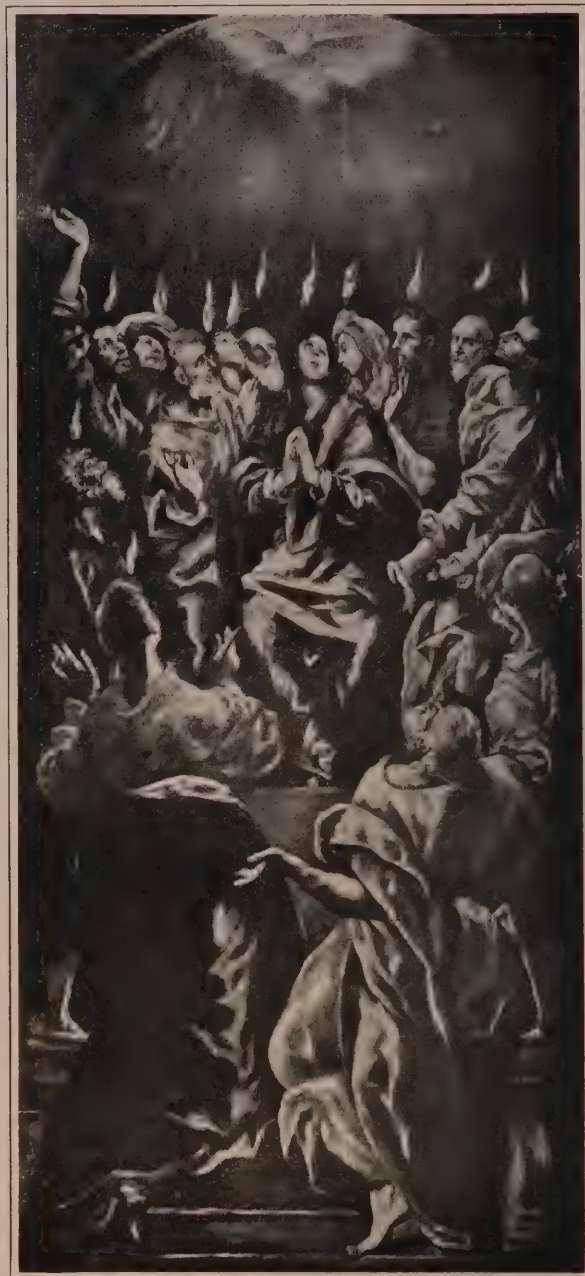
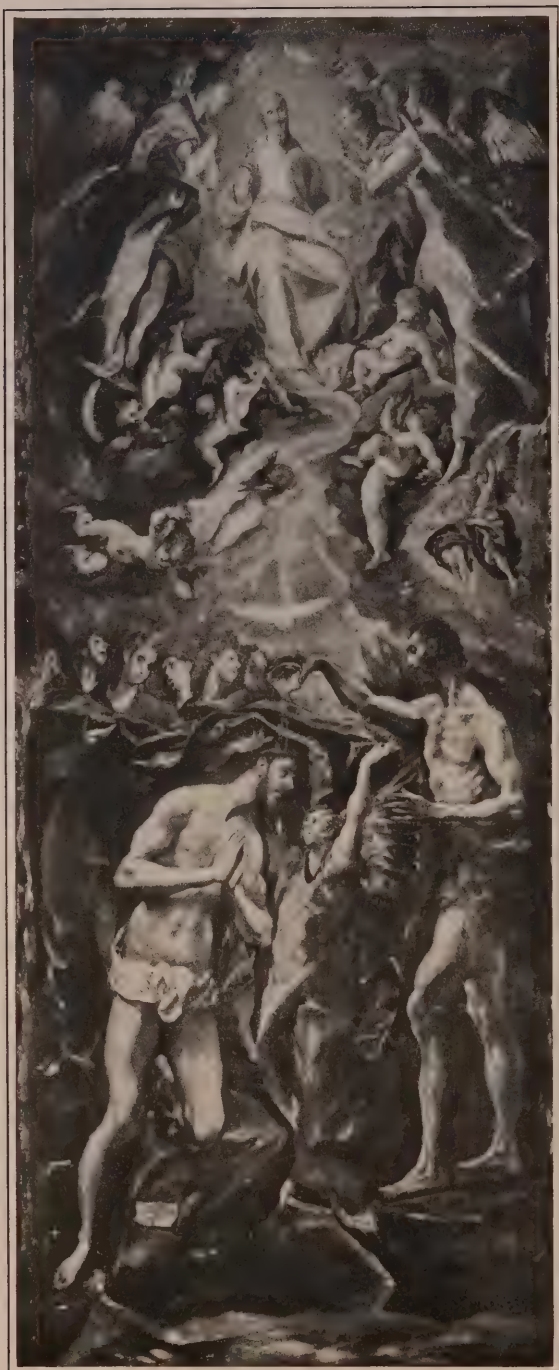


"PIETÀ"

BY EL GRECO

of Velasquez and Goya, is almost as great a myth as are the French Primitives. European writers have followed the judgment of the German Justi that there was little of importance in Spain and nothing of value in the man with the Greek name. The Spaniards themselves had forgotten their greatest master. Works of art live by being seen.

Those of El Greco had, until recent times, been relegated to the lumber rooms of palaces and monasteries; many of them have been lost or painted over beyond recognition. You see, they were not generally admired when they were painted and so, probably, when the discerning patron who ordered a picture, either for himself



ABOVE: "PENTECOST;" AT LEFT: "THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST"
BY EL GRECO

Both in the Prado, Madrid

or for the church, died, the scandal was hushed up and the picture hidden away. It is not so long ago that, if you could find one, you could buy an El Greco for a few dollars. One purchased about forty years ago for twenty dollars would bring more than that in thousands now.

It was in France among the artists that the modern appreciation of El Greco was born. Manet, who traveled in Spain in 1865, was among the first to recognize the artistic value of his work. His friend, Zacharie Astruc, who had been in Spain before him, had told him with enthusiasm

about the El Grecos, an enthusiasm which Manet later shared. Thèodore Duret was with Manet in Toledo and after having been shown some of the pictures, bought several El Grecos. Millet owned one which later became the property of Dégas, and Astruc brought a number into France. This was before the Spaniard, Cossio, had collected and published all of the information concerning the life of Domenico Theotocopuli (El Greco) and had catalogued all of his then known paintings. It was several years later, however, that El Greco was formally introduced to the public. The result



"THE RESURRECTION"

In the Prado, Madrid

BY EL GRECO

is too generally known to need repetition here. Many of those who are interested in art, the author among them, have been amazed at the rapidity with which the great qualities in El Greco were recognized and acknowledged. For he is not one whom one would think of as a painter for the

public. There is, as I have said before, but little of the "pleasant" quality so necessary for the contemporary painter who would be widely accepted. But great art is there and the triumph of El Greco is the triumph of the layman, for, with the barrier of "modernism" which stands between



"CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF SIMON"

In an English collection

BY EL GRECO

him and much that he might otherwise enjoy, he saw and was moved.

It does not seem that such a barrier should be an impassable one; that the date of a picture should have so great a bearing on its appreciation. That it has from both academic and modern

schools is, however, only too evident. There is a type of modernist who judges by the smell of paint. If it is quite fresh and the picture sufficiently queer he proclaims it good. But such an attitude is hardly more unreasonable than that of the man who admires the Byzantines and the



"TOLEDO"

In an American collection

BY EL GRECO

Primitives, with all their distortions; Michelangelo, who never hesitated between anatomy and the needs of his composition; El Greco whose departure from "nature" is often great, and then condemns Cézanne and the school which derives largely from him. Cézanne himself is almost an "old master" now; the Impressionists, about whom such bitter controversy raged, have long been accepted as great artists. Fifty years ago their pictures annoyed people, made them angry, set them to writing letters to the newspapers, all of it a great waste. For today these same pictures give the same sort of people much pleasure—from which it would seem that the irate critics and citizenry of that earlier day were wrong and that

they missed something. To be wrong is not so bad; it is a condition which everyone with sufficient courage to have opinions achieves with astonishing ease; but it is most unfortunate to miss, through prejudice, any of the joy to be derived from art. And to err in judgment because of veneration for the past and a consequent disregard for the present is, while perhaps natural so far as art is concerned, a form of blindness. Age casts a glamor over a painting, but neither the *patine* to which the amateur or dealer points with pride nor the fly specks which he neglects to mention add esthetic value. True, there is "a tone which only age can give," but it is not at all certain that dullness is more than a negative virtue.



"THE APOCALYPSE"

In the Zuloaga collection

BY EL GRECO

It is not, therefore, because El Greco lived in the sixteenth century that his work is great art. By reason of the mistaken attitude into which we are all inclined to fall that fact made the recognition of his art more easy. His work is great because it has that thing which countless writers have sought and failed to define; the quality, whatever it may be, which adds to our perceptions of, and our ability to perceive, beauty; that which arouses an esthetic emotion.

This quality being emotional eludes definition in words, which are the terms of the intellect, but something of its nature can be stated. It is apparent, not only in the work of El Greco, but in that of those artists whom by common consent we call great, that there exists an organization of form and color which is of greater importance to us esthetically than the subject matter or technique. That is as near as we can come, I think, to

a definition. For however great our learning, we never *know* about art; we perceive it or fail to, not by reason of erudition or its lack, but by sensibility. To appreciate art, therefore, one must be free from intellectual bias as, by reason of its antiquity, we were freed from many of the possible prejudices we might have entertained about the work of El Greco. If we can extend that freedom to a consideration of what is called "modern art," for want of a better term, the results will be surprising and we shall see and enjoy a beauty which might otherwise have remained hidden.

With this in mind, however. The purpose of art is not to create intellectual exercises nor to add to the dreariness of a world already too solemn. In reality it has no purpose, only a result—to create emotional joy. If you can get it from El Greco, you should get it from Cézanne; if from Cézanne . . .

ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

ENERGY your panacea, oh, artist, work when the light is bad, when the light is out and all your thoughts are blue, when pleasure beckons and the distant hills call. Work, for never was great art a side-show or an afterthought. It dominates or dies. Energy—if we could just release the flood tide of its power there were no stopping of success, no evidence of failure; but few have the capacity to hold and use and exercise this power. To write, however, of Anna Hyatt Huntington we must dwell long on work.

Certain it is that this sculptor rises from some rich lode of genius where work and love of beauty join to express in marble and in bronze a rare translation of the hidden joy; opposite to ancient ways when the Chinese were wont to find a piece of marble and gaze into its depths as if it were a crystal ball and, after pondering, gradually to feel that it meant some form, a Buddha or a group, perhaps a leaping fawn; then to work at sculpture, just enough to give the stone a voice, till slowly came the dream from out the solid rock, a vision in whose necromancy the worker found expression; perhaps with the Greeks the seeking to idealize a god that seemed a symbol of their life most beautiful in human form. Today it seems all changed. The sculptor finds his wax or clay a malleable spirit, a willing captive to the worker's scheme, to picture our better selves, idealized, made god-like.

A thoroughbred, as some great Arab steed or champion of Kentucky fields, is Hyatt of Hyatts-

American sculptor who rose to fame modeling animals crowned her career with a Joan of Arc

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PORTRAIT OF ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON
BY MARION BOYD ALLEN

ville, Maryland, an old southern family, pioneers to the new land. Anna Hyatt Huntington's first call was to music, that ephemeral, mental, spiritual, illusive art; her final urge to sculpture, where, in the solid crystalized melody of art, she found her metier. It is no part of my desire to chronicle a detail of her journey from Cam-

bridge, Massachusetts, where her father was a beloved professor at the university, to New York the mecca of art. There must, however, be paid some homage to the pilgrim in art who stately marched, surely, slowly, forward to artistic achievement. The art of Anna Hyatt Huntington is of and by and for her first, and therefore belongs to the world, a genuine thing. It holds that intangible quality of the pure. Life has been met. In the direct eyes of the artist, realization and apprehension, comprehensive, dwelt, and in the working there evolved a genuine achievement. The quality is priceless, eternal, and comes to works of art

through labor, work, application and pursuit. The fortunate possessor creates out of the maze of time, out of the phantasmagoria of countless elements an invisible and iridescent rainbow of energy that drops its golden brew into the inanimate stone to thrill and tantalize those who have ventured forth to view the beautiful.

To sculptors the line "something to get your teeth into," expresses the current of an artist's soul, surely a definite satisfying conception. From the violin that absorbed and thrilled with its transitory dream, intangibly lovely yet not satis-



"WHITE HORSES OF THE SEA"

BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

fying to her, Miss Hyatt in that charmed circle of her home, by accident or predestination came to modeling. Her sister had completed a clay figure of a child for exhibition, when on the day before the exhibition the leg fell off, and her father, Professor Alpheus Hyatt of Harvard, said:

"Anna, put that leg on." She was sixteen, and the solid, concrete, full-dimensioned expression of sculpture immediately appealed and held her chained. Things grew crystalized, and her career of work in modeling began. Through study in Boston with Kitson, who taught her the rudiments,

"COLTS AT PLAY"

BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON



she received the formative detail of a schedule of motion, a track for her hands to travel. A relic of these days still adorns the studios in Twelfth street, the Death Mask of Napoleon, a gift of her enthusiastic teacher. To Gutzon Borglum then, and here there came greater knowledge of horses, and a new faith of modeling, to feel the moving muscles of the steed. Horses fascinated her and she spent years back in Maryland, where she raised and trained horses and learned to model foals so inimitably and acquired her accomplished horsemanship.



"ELEPHANT ATTACKING LION"
BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

A child of art grown up and ready she came to New York. First Fifty-ninth street, later in quiet Twelfth street with Brenda Putnam, each to work along, definitely unlike; the one Diana, some Greek goddess or esthetic Amazon, fighting great battles of artistic statements, huge, gigantic in proportions. The other not so statuesque, more the artist of motherhood and youth, and less the Grecian statement of a god. Here in the Twelfth street studio there gathered people, perhaps an informal Sunday salon over which Miss Hyatt's mother presided (now sweet eighty-two and off to Europe, writing home fine letters of delight, adventure, observation) and in the gathering grew no wild bohemian tangent of our art, but beauty rightly worshipped.

At evening when your mother reads there is event, the world falls off, and you are with the things that are yourself, tranquil emotions come and go, quite naturally, no sham of pretense or forbidding dread; your mother reads, and on such evenings Miss Hyatt sat and listening let her fingers play with red wax, that most difficult of friends, and there were formed a puppy, great Dane full grown, or sea lion, or wolf, or just a flat long paper knife with a crouching jaguar for a handle. Such was her art, and such her rare ability. These paper knives, unique, will be a priceless heritage. They came all undesigning, accidents, and grew from pure unconscious effort.

Perhaps the first great work was in 1900, when

she cut from out blue granite two great Danes for Thomas Lawson. Carved them herself, for no hired sculptor may shape the art, perhaps contribute in obscurity; she alone cut the stone. Certainly the first great international achievement was a figure of Jeanne d'Arc, made in Paris, submitted and admired, given mention and a prize; this Jeanne she presented to a French convent of the name. This same little statue she looked on later and all unsatisfied remade, to win the competition for our Joan of Arc on Riverside Drive.



"JAGUAR AND CRANE"

BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

Remade it with the help of a gorgeous fire horse that in Gloucester, Massachusetts, came daily to her studio to pose, a horse which was so powerful, so beautiful, that you and I would pause to thrill at that great frame and supple power and underneath whose gray coat the muscles played the unconscious symphonies which Miss Hyatt could portray. No wonder Saltus, the late J. Sanford Saltus, whose great love was Joan, found money for its permanent erection.

There were commissions; a giant lion on a boulder for the Dayton High School, a fox on a granite block to commemorate an Indian battle, the "Mare and Foal," the delightfully humorous bears and cubs, the "White Horses of the Sea."



"JOAN OF ARC"

BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

Like every great irresistible force the work started, the world well lost, forgotten; and then it burst forth a completed finished thing. Bronx

Park knew Miss Hyatt much those days. With Dr. Hornaday she enjoyed a real friendship and an inspiring association, the keepers each found

fine delight in bringing out the elephants for her to work from. It is a page of fact and work and tireless application. One day a haunting vision of a jaguar reaching up to capture a crane, and then her hands created a whirling gorgeous statue. It seemed unreal. Later at a movie, if you please, she saw just such a jungle tragedy, and found great pleasure in her past accomplishment.

To do and satisfy is easy for the careless, but Miss Hyatt felt a hidden austere master, whose demands were nothing less than beauty, nothing short of fact, and so she courted these wild beasts to feel their beauty in the flowing rhythmic line, in all the lusty play of muscle underneath that line. Anna Hyatt Huntington is serene and direct, there is no tangle of suspicion in her point of view, a worker, there haunt her mind no vagaries of caprice

or commercial adventure, no bargaining with fate, no gambling. In that same deep concentration in which she isolates herself for work, there can live no shallow artifice. The fact, the truth, is king. The world a distant island in a many colored sea. She will return when she has found her monument. An incident of that absolute absorption may be mentioned. The Joan of Riverside Drive, giant equestrian, grand silhouette against the sky, that is Anna Hyatt Huntington. It grew, was finished with a sigh, its tracery completely beautiful. She had forgotten to sign her masterpiece, and the foundry had to telegraph for Miss Hyatt to hurry back and sign her wonder work.

When the Diana was exhibited it brought great prizes, yes, but most of all it was a final fact.



"SAINT JOAN OF ARC"

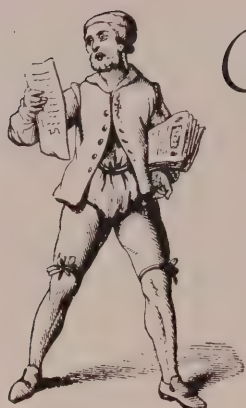
BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

In the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York

It proved her completeness; she could model the human figure. For if Hyatt's work is great and an art contribution for all time, that work is in her animals, horse, jaguar and company. The two great statues of Jeanne d'Arc and Diana are her sole contribution in figure composition. It has been said that there is so much action suspended in the animal works that they at the same time delight and tire the observer. That criticism comes from a phlegmatic world, a world which tolerates the static and avoids the dynamic, and yet around, above, beneath us all there is that ceaseless ebb and flow of currents swinging off to quick return. Certainly I may claim that it is not those which have no motion in the bronze which are her great works. But then to me a high school equestrian statue has no emotional impulse.

Hail to the work of modern sculptors. It grows apace, finer and stronger, but for the really great we must all go back some thousands of years to admire a life that showed far finer tastes and achievement. Crete, Sicyon, Athens, the invention of casting, the work in gold and ivory, the superimposing of copper and silver on iron, the beautiful statuettes of cedar wood, gorgeous idols, magnificent thrones for their gods. America, spender of dollars, realize that artists in those days were honored, sought and paid far better than you pay them.

To dream of design; to find some tracery that dwells within the realm of human joy, and build some castle of the mind that satisfies. Effort and release, to strive and intimately possess. That is A. V. H. H.



"THE BALLAD SINGER"
WOODCUT BY INIGO JONES

Old English BROADSIDES

IT HAS BEEN the fashion for so long to admire all things Elizabethan that one hesitates to join in the chorus of praise. Yet the reader of the modern news-

paper, who must be content with news with a prejudice (technically known as a "slant"), sensational

stories in a monotonous and sordid key and "features" which must be followed with exacting regularity, may be pardoned for looking back a bit wistfully to the seventeenth century when one's news was told in rhyme, with a moral, a picture and a tune to boot. For these were the advantages of the broadside over the newspaper of today. Even when the "merry new tune" had been memorized and the news had grown stale and the moral assimilated, the broadside could still be pasted on the wall that its pictures of hangings, earthquakes, sieges and woings might enliven the leisure hours of the family and provide at once a library and a picture gallery. Even the children found profit and pleasure in them, for they could learn their letters from the heavy black type and have the woodcut to guide them in grasping the sense of the rhyme.

A broadside, strictly speaking, was a sheet of paper printed on one side so that it might be pasted on the walls of churches, theatres and public buildings or inserted in a cleft stick. The word usually suggests the ballad broadside printed in black letter with a woodcut to illustrate it; but in this form also appeared all announcements of church and state—papal indulgences, political

These illustrated "newspapers" of the seventeenth century gave their readers a rhyme, a tune and a picture for a penny

JO PENNINGTON

statements, proclamations of all kinds issued by the government, and the news of the day. After black-letter broadsides had had their day, announcements were often issued on sheets printed in white letter; but as these were seldom illustrated and come more nearly into our own period, they have less interest for students and collectors.

As broadsides multiplied in number during the early part of the seventeenth century, woodcuts became scarce and printers began to use any that could be found regardless of their suitability for the rhyme with which they were printed. A ballad with the title, "There are really happy hours before us yet" was printed with a woodcut showing a funeral urn marked "Finis," and a weeping willow. But if the news had a thrill, the tune were merry and easily memorized and an illustration of

Fayre Warning.

Or,

**Happy is he whom other men's harmes
Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.**

TO THE TUNE OF Puckington's pound.



ILLUSTRATION FOR A MORAL BALLAD. ONE OF THE
FINEST BROADSIDE WOODCUTS

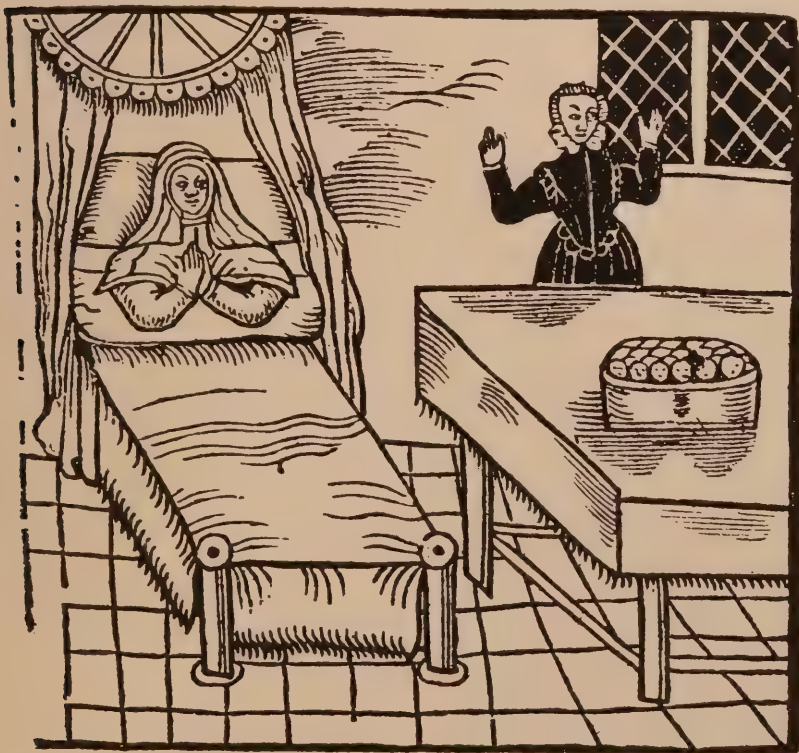
AT RIGHT: WOOD BLOCK FOR "A LAMENTABLE DITTY COMPOSED UPON THE DEATH OF ROBERT LORD DEVEREUX, LATE EARL OF ESSEX, WHO WAS BEHEADED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON, ON ASHWENESDAY IN THE MORNING, 1600"

TO THE TUNE OF
"WELLADAY"



some kind provided, who would complain? Surely not we, long accustomed to "faked" photographs, who read, beneath the photograph of a woman of dubious age and attractiveness a caption which assures us that she is a beautiful young bride.

For epitaphs, executions, military events, love stories and earthquakes every printer had stock cuts which were used again and again to illustrate the broadsheet—so frequently and for so long that they became worn and defaced almost beyond recognition. The "execution block" was usually so made that it could illustrate either a single or a double hanging; the gibbet, the crowd of spectators and one criminal being fixed on the block, to which could be added another criminal or corpse if the occasion required. There were also broadsides without rhymes bearing simply the likenesses of prominent persons. One such portrait of Elizabeth was displeasing to her majesty who apparently had the quite human failing of refusing to believe that a likeness did her justice. She therefore issued a proclamation forbidding "paynters, prynters and gravors" from issuing any such picture until "some cunning person mete therefor shall make a naturall representation of her majesty's person, favor or grace" as a pattern



The Bedfordshire Widow;

Dr,

The Poor in Distress Reliev'd.

Being a full and true relation of a Poor Widow, whose Husband was dead, and she turn'd out of doors by her Creditors, and forced with her three Children to lye in the street and beg for bread; and how that Queen Mary, walking in her Garden and hearing her beg, came to her, and caused her Children to be cloathed and put to nurse, and gabe the poor Widow a weekly pension to maintain her as long as she liv'd.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Let Cæsar Live Long.* Licensed according to Order.



ABOVE AND BELOW: WOODCUTS FOR THE BALLAD OF "THE BEDFORDSHIRE WIDOW"

for others to copy. There must, however, have been many a "cunning person" cutting blocks for the broadsides. With a great economy of line they expressed themselves with a clarity which more "serious" artists have often missed. And, because their method was original with themselves, they achieved a result greatly superior to that attained by most of their modern imitators.

These broadside woodcuts belong to the beginning of printed illustration and their influence upon succeeding generations of illustrators has been great. Hogarth, Pyle and Lovat Fraser, among a host of others, owe much to these early block makers. Many of the blocks have, apart from their topical interest, real artistic merit, and that many of them appear "modern" is simply further evidence of the fact that there is little that is really new in art. In this connection the illustrations of "Fayre Warning," "Glad Tydings from Heaven" and "The Stag" are of particu-



"THE STAG" WOODCUT FROM A RELIGIOUS BROADSIDE

lar interest. In fact, little artistic apology is needed for the great majority of the woodcuts. And in a day when so many illustrators in line are, with great sophistication, striving for naïveté, it is refreshing to come upon the genuine article.

There are evidences of several influences in the drawing of the blocks. Many of them, such as those for "A Statute for Swearers," "A Lamentable Ballad" and the two for "The Bedfordshire Widow" are strongly reminiscent of the earlier illuminated manuscripts, and a strong Gothic tendency is evident in those for "Glad Tydings" and "Fayre Warning." Suiting his design to his medium the block maker evidently found the less



ABOVE: WOODCUT ILLUSTRATING THE BALLAD "GLAD TYDINGS FROM HEAVEN" TO THE TUNE OF "THE DOLEFULL SHEPHERD"

complex forms of tapestry, stained glass and illumination most adaptable to his needs. He was, moreover, much closer to the primitive than to a renaissance which had little more than touched English painting. Much of the character of the blocks is probably due, also, to the black letter with which the sheet was printed. Typographic fitness demanded a strong design, and it is worthy of note that with the coming of the open, or "white," letter the illustrations became weaker and less interesting.

A pleasant History of a Gentleman in Thracia, which had foure Sonnes, and thre of them none of his own; shewing how miraculously the true heire came to enioy his inheritance.

TO THE TUNE OF *Chevy Chase*.



The ballad which told the news of the day was the commonest form of broadside. So dear was it to the heart of the people that repeated attacks by both church and state could not diminish its popularity. It flourished under abuse and thrived on suppressions and fines, even as our yellow journals do today. The man of culture had his more dignified "news letter" to acquaint him with current events; but these were stodgy affairs with neither woodcuts, rhymes nor tunes; quite respectable, but dull. As a rule, of course, the intelligensia sneered at the broadside; but there were among them some who valued, collected, frankly admired and enjoyed them. Charles Sackville, Earl



WOODCUT FOR "A NEW BALLAD OF BOLD ROBIN HOOD. SHOWING HIS BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOUR, AND MARRIAGE, AT TITBURN BULL-RUNNING"

of Dorset, was a collector of broadsides and used "often to read them with great delight, much admiring the simplicity and nakedness of the style; yet he was a man of admirable sense and understanding." Samuel Pepys had a fine collection of which he was very proud. He tells in his diary of the funeral of a friend which grew so tedious that one of the company drew from his pocket some ballads for their amusement. Pepys read them aloud and "the rest of the company came about me to hear and very merry we were all, they being new ballets. By and by the corpse went"—mer- rily, doubtless, to a new tune.

In addition to news rhymes and ballads, prose announcements of the government and the church were printed in broadside form. Even the papal indulgences were often adorned with woodcuts, for without a picture, a broadside might easily be overlooked. Of course these illustrations were dignified and pious, such as a design showing the Virgin surrounded by the apostles, and a dove descending. Government announcements usually bore the royal seal and covered a wide range of subjects. These of course were in prose. There were broadsides urging adventurers to go to the new colonies—to Ulster, for instance, or to America. Then there were simple warnings such as the "Caveat for the Borrower; or a perfect Table of

The second Part. To the same tune.

*Be warned by me you Swearers and Drunkards for
I first broke the Statute.*



WOODCUT FOR "A STATUTE FOR SWEARERS"

Usurie"—slightly ambiguous since it might serve to make clear to Shylock just how far he could go and yet keep within the law. Another helpful government proclamation will appeal to many of us today: a broadside giving "Necessary Instruction to cast Account by, serving for all such as are unskillful in the Art of Arithmetique."

Personal attacks and rebuttals, statements of rival politicians, and news of every kind from military manoeuvres, victories and defeats to reports of earthquakes, murders, deaths of kings,

**The famous Ratchetcher, with his trauels into France,
and of his retorne to London.**

To the tune of the iouiall Tinker.





WOODCUT FOR A RELIGIOUS BROADSIDE, ILLUSTRATING REV. XVIII, 7, 8

weddings, plays and duels—all appeared on broadsheets to delight and thrill the populace. Usually they were written in rhyme, but sometimes the account of the event itself was written in prose with a moral in rhyme at the end; and frequently they ended, like the plays of the day, with a hope for the continued health of the king or queen.

News from Hollands Leager :

OR,

**Hollands Leager is lately up broken,
This for a certaine is spoken.**

To the tune of, *Canons are roaring.*



When Pepys attempted to arrange his enormous collection of broadsides in some sort of order, he found the task a difficult one. The range of subjects was so wide that classification was a problem. His grouping was under ten different heads:

1. *Devotion and morality.*
2. *History, true and fabulous.*
3. *Tragedy, viz., murders, executions and judgments of God.*
4. *State and times.*
5. *Love pleasant.*
6. *Love unfortunate.*
7. *Marriage, cuckoldry.*
8. *Sea; love, gallantry and actions.*
9. *Drinking and goodfellowship.*
10. *Humorous; frolics and mirth.*

Only deliberate waggishness, it seems, could have grouped the items from five through nine as they are.

The dying confessions and speeches of criminals provided the most popular form of ballad. Apparently the privilege of making such a statement atoned not a little for the loss of one's head.

Sometimes the condemned one did actually put his last thoughts into rhyme; but more often the ballad maker wrote it for him in the first person. One such unfortunate wailed through seventy-two verses the hardness of his lot and poured his warnings and lamentations without ever setting forth the nature of his crime!

The influence of the ballad makers was naturally enormous though they were restricted by the laws and the dictates of their employers, the printers or stationers. A popular ballad maker of established reputation could venture farther in the liberties he took than the more humble scribe. The latter's highest ambition was to make such a hit with a ballad that the printer of it would keep him in ale for a fortnight. Only the greatest among them were permitted to sign their rhymes because in their case the signature helped in the

sale of the broadside. The average ballad maker was a wretched creature who lived from hand to mouth and whose muse must always be "whetted" with ale. This was usually given as proof of his degeneration and rascality; yet he seems to have been justified in trying to drown the sorrows of his lot in the flowing bowl. For the printer purchased all rights to the ballad by the payment of a sum usually not exceeding forty shillings; and though reprints might be made for many years, the author got nothing after the initial payment. Some ballads were reissued at intervals for a period of three hundred years; and though the printer and his heirs continued to profit by them during that time, the poor author must be content if he had wherewith to "whet" his muse for the production of further ballads. Let us rejoice that we live in the days of royalties when the author of a popular song can purchase a fleet of motor cars and a Long Island home with the profits of a single song.

Martin Parker was one of the greatest figures among the ballad makers. His success was such that he need only sign "M. P." to his rhymes to have them read by everyone. His chief rival was Laurence Price. Elderton was another favorite and his rhymes were both scurrilous and indecent. He supplemented his income by dabbling in the law, coaching actors and begging favors from court ladies. Deloney was a silk weaver by trade, as well as a ballad maker but in spite of a double source of income died in poverty.

The attitude of the time

WOODCUT FOR "A LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE TRAGICAL END OF A GALLANT LORD AND A VERTUOUS LADY, WITH THE UNTIMELY END OF THEIR TWO CHILDREN, WICKEDLY PERFORMED BY A HEATHENISH BLACKAMOR THEIR SERVANT: THE LIKE NEVER HEARD OF"



The Mournful Subjects;

Dr,

The whole Nation's Lamentation, from the Highest to the Lowest; who did, with brinish tears (the true signs of sorrow), bewail the death of their most Gracious Sovereign King, Charles the Second, who departed this life Feb. 6th, 1684, and was interr'd in Westminster-Abby, in King Henry the Seventh's Chappel, on Saturday night last, bring the 14th day of the said month, to the solid grief and sorrow of all his loving Subjects.

TO THE TUNE OF [*When*] *Troy Town*; or, *The Dutchess of Suffolk's Calamity*].

towards ballad makers is expressed by Hotspur in Henry IV when he says: "I had rather be a kitten and mew than one of these same metre ballad





WOODCUT FOR A BALLAD OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON TO THE TUNE OF "FLYING FAME"

mongers." Jonson says that a poet should detest a "ballad maker." Beaumont, when one of his plays missed fire, said that its unkind reception might "drive him to balladry." This bitterness was due to several different causes. Parliament felt it necessary to keep a check upon ballad makers to prevent treachery and disloyalty. The church was particularly bitter because so long as the people loved and read ballads they neglected the Bible and works of piety. Devout persons who wished to attack the ballad broadside were, nevertheless, compelled to use that very form if they wished to reach the people. John Baldwin, author of "Canticles or Balades of Solomon" said he "wished to God that his own work might once drive out of office the bawdy ballads of lecherous love that commonly are indited and sung of idle courtiers in princes' and noblemen's houses," but here surely self-interests lurk behind piety. One favorite form of attack upon broadsides by religious persons was

to "moralize" a popular ballad; that is, either to rewrite familiar verses and give them a moral tone or reset old ballad tunes with new and pious verses. In this way, "Row well, ye mariners" became, under the touch of piety, "Row well, Christ's mariners;" "Fain would I have a prettie thing to give unto my Ladie" was modified to "Fain would I have a godly thing to give unto my Ladie." One questions the taste of the devout versifier who changed "Dainty, throw to me" to "Jesus, come Thou to me."

The distribution of ballads was accomplished in several ways. They were often placed on bookstalls; they were sold to itinerant vendors who were glad to include in their pack or ribbons, laces, thread and cheap finery some new ballads of love;

and when they sang them in some lonely farmhouse, "the poor country wench melted, like her butter, to hear them." The chief source of distribution, however, was the ballad singer or "chaunter" who purchased quantities of broad-

sides from the printers and learned the tunes to which the rhymes were sung, for the purchaser's penny en-

titled him to both the rhyme and the melody. If the chaunter were young and not too repulsive,

he made a fair living. It is said that two brothers, "the one with a squeaking treble and the other with an ale-blown bass," earned twenty shillings a day by their combined efforts. But if, as was more often the case, they were old and ugly and even deformed, with voices that "made as harsh a noise as ever cart-wheel made," it was not so simple to make a living. These singers seem to have been just a step below the ballad makers in the social scale. They were often the friends and accomplices of pickpockets whom they could help in plying their trade first by collecting a

The Milke-maid's Life ;

Or,

A pretty new Dittie, composed and pen'd,
The praise of the milking paille to defend.

TO A CURIOUS NEW TUNE CALLED, *The Milke-maid's Dumps.*



crowd and second by keeping the attention of the persons in it engaged. One ingenious rogue in Bartholomew Fair sang mournfully against cut-purses and conjured every man in the crowd to make sure his purse was at that moment safe. Whereupon each man felt for his purse and the pickpocket knew just where to find them.

The ballad singer took his pack to the doors of theatres, to markets, fairs, bear-baitings, taverns, ale-houses, wakes or any place where crowds might gather. During the Civil War in England and after the Restoration women singers became more frequent and sometimes a man and a woman sang together. When several singers took part the performance was semi-dramatic and was called a Jig.

"It is a comfort," says one student of broadsides, "to discover that twentieth-century journalism is an inheritance." There are many points of similarity. The broadside reports of murders, hangings, thefts, matrimonial troubles are not unlike the accounts we read in our own papers; but the former had the advantage of being written in rhyme. As for the speed with which publication followed an event, they were not far behind us. An earthquake one day was heralded early the next morning—and in rhyme. Then, as now, events were sometimes proclaimed before they actually took place. Printers frequently sent popular ballad makers to "cover" important events such as hangings, public meetings and entertainments. Interviews with famous persons were recorded and if the interviewed one proved coy, the interviewer supplied the lack from his own invention.

When the broadside migrated to America it was not very popular. At first it was used solely for the announcements made by colleges and for government proclamations; but gradually it was used for epitaphs—lugubrious verses that were pinned to the pall covering the coffin and adorned with an engraved border suggestive of mortality. It was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that the dying speeches of criminals began to appear in broadside form and with them the first woodcuts used here.

It is as impossible to tell the whole story of broadsides in a single article as it would be to tell the story of journalism since black letter went out of fashion. One might write heavily and at great length of their value to the historian, their power to overthrow monarchies—as when Lilieburlero "sang the Stuarts out of England"—the charm that survives in many folk songs that are still sung, the morals they inevitably preached (more religious than ethical) and their value as antiquities. But surely there are some of us who enjoy them quite simply; who like to look at the pictures and read the rhymes, not with the critical eye of the connoisseur but merely because, like the Earl of Dorset, we admire them for the simplicity and nakedness of their style, though we pride ourselves on being of admirable sense and understanding.

Another Bloody murder committed near Ware in Hertfordshire, by some notorious offenders who were executed in the same month.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Finis

BAXTER'S COLOR PRINTS

"WHAT ENGLAND collects today, America will collect tomorrow," is an impertinence that one commits to paper with the blue pencil of the editor, swaying, like the sword of Damocles, above one's script. Yet I venture to append it to this short resumé of the romantic career of the Baxter print, in the conviction that the New World, hitherto practically untouched by the Baxter cult, is bound ere long to be intrigued by it. For George Baxter, the "Doré of color-printing," as he has been aptly named, and the inaugurator of a fresh era in illustration, was something more than the supreme artist-craftsman—he was also an historian, and while he left behind him a mass of work that has never been technically surpassed, he also provided posterity with a singularly vivid and complete record of the first half of the Victorian era.

Born in that, one of the most profoundly inartistic of periods, this wood-engraver's apprentice stands in the same relation to color-illustration as Caxton to printing proper. The pioneer within him saw visions of a time when colored pictures, while of a merit that should make them fit adornments for the wealthy home, could yet be produced at a cost which would place them within the reach of the mass of the people and develop within them that faculty of esthetic appreciation which the ugly materialism of the early nineteenth century was doing its best to stifle. If in his endeavor to combine merit with cheapness he achieved bankruptcy, he but shared the fate of such enthusiasts in printing as Bartolozzi, Ryland and Jackson, all of whom discovered good handwork in color printing, offered at a moderate price, to be incompatible with personal gain.

The son of a printer, born in the year 1804, George Baxter gave early promise of marked

Examples of the work of this nineteenth century artist, engraver and printer are now eagerly sought by collectors

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

been content to follow along the same lines, affluence would undoubtedly have been his portion. But his mind was obsessed by the conviction that by multiplying the use of blocks and by combining the functions of wood and of metal, it might be possible to reproduce in printing nature's own

artistic ability in the wood engravings with which he embellished his father's publications. Considerable fame had reached him in this connection while yet in the twenties, and had he

tints and moreover to supply such reproductions in such quantity as to reduce to very slender figures the price at which these might be put on the market. In order that the mechanical quality of the purely machine-made picture might be ruled out, the manipulation of the various blocks would have to be carried out by hand, a point which accounts for the fine accuracy of outline observable in his work. Where machine-printing, operating at great speed, may produce unevenness and blurring, the hand-printed picture triumphs, under Baxter, in superlative neatness of technique.



"DOMESTIC HAPPINESS"

BY GEORGE BAXTER

The first Baxter color-print was produced in water-colors from wood-blocks alone. The famous "Butterflies," a study of three butterflies alight on a stalk, was published in 1829, apparently as a book-illustration, though it has never been traced in connection with its original volume. It is now a collector's prize, specimens being extremely rare and fetching up to £100 in the sales-room. Should the collector be fortunate enough to discover it in its bound state, its value would, of course, be very considerably increased. In considering the sums now brought by Baxter color-prints, it must be borne in mind that his original prices ranged from a few pence and in no case exceeded the sum of ten shillings. Charges were fixed according to the size of the picture, which might vary from a couple of square inches to as



"MORNING GALL"

*From a Color Print by
George Baxter*



"SHORT CHANGE"

*From a Color Print by
George Baxter*



"NEWS FROM HOME"

*From a Color Print by
George Baxter*

*These prints are reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Ernest Etheridge,
of Birmingham, Secretary of the Baxter Society*

much as three square feet, and according to the number of blocks and printings involved. Today it is scarcity rather than size or elaboration which first determines market values, and some of the smallest prints fetch the highest sums. Unfortunately for posterity the original cheapness of the prints had its inevitable result in scant attention

mately drew on practically every method of color-printing yet pursued for one detail or another to help him in his ends—that of coloring by hand the completed print excepted. By constant and untiring experiment, the variety and boldness of the effects achieved became infinitely extended and, one after another, difficulties of technique



"THE BRIDE"

PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER

being bestowed on their preservation, so that where a production at once more costly and less admirable might have encouraged care, the Baxter print has too often met with neglect. As examples of present-day values, the £700, which is the current price of good examples of the pair of prints of "Charles and Maria Chubb," and the £200, which is the average value of a copy of "The Launch of the Trafalgar," may be cited.

The second stage in Baxter's process was reached when he introduced the use of oils and thus succeeded in intensifying the depth and tone of his prints as well as in extending the range of gradation in color. He proceeded to use a foundation-plate of steel, thence to introduce other types of metal such as zinc and copper, and ulti-

found themselves solved. Among those which proved the most baffling was that of the tendency of the prints to lose their brilliancy, and although with time Baxter did succeed in largely overcoming the problem of oxidation, exposure to a strong light is always to be avoided in this connection. The collector of Baxters will either preserve his collection in a portfolio or hang framed specimens where they are not directly exposed to the rays of the sun.

When we consider that in no Baxter print produced after those of the early experimental stages, were less than ten separate blocks employed and that in some cases as many as thirty might be used, each necessitating a separate printing by hand, we are enabled to form some

slight conception of the indomitable ardor and industry of the enthusiast-printer who, working against pecuniary odds, has yet left some four hundred complete prints to his credit. Where a strong magnifying glass applied to modern color-

quired. Further, in order to accentuate high lights, he emphasized these by printing in white pigment, a method which again increased the complexity of his system. The peculiar bloom, which conveys something of the effect of a printing



"QUEEN VICTORIA ON A BALCONY"

PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER

printing will reveal ragged outlines, the same test in the case of Baxter's printing will merely serve to demonstrate the more convincingly the faultless register, the wealth of clean-cut, minute detail, the conscientious neatness which are the distinguishing features of his work. Small wonder that so laborious and painstaking a business did not imply a sound financial venture! Not content with the multiplicity of printings involved in his process, Baxter further introduced a system of "overlaying" by means of which he was able to secure a stronger impression of color where re-

quired. Further, in order to accentuate high lights, he emphasized these by printing in white pigment, a method which again increased the complexity of his system. The delicate surface of the genuine Baxter is one of its salient features and it is by this characteristic that it is the most readily distinguishable from the faked copy.

The finest period of Baxter's work was also its most unprofitable, for, as may readily be understood, it was a hopeless proposition to render self-supporting so lengthy and exhausting a method. Faced with the alternative of continued bank-

ruptcy or a modification of system, Baxter was eventually forced to eliminate some of the various steps in production and inferior work naturally resulted. Though he entertained a profound contempt for chromo-lithography as a mechanical and

bulk of his prints from the paintings of other artists, not copying the original too closely, but rather interpreting its design while adhering to its main characteristics. From 1839-1853 is the period during which he used almost exclusively



"PRINCE ALBERT ON A BALCONY"

PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER

inexact process, unequal to dealing with minutiae, yet he was obliged to recognize it as a powerful competitor and in some degree to adapt his method on similar lines. But in the meantime he had compassed a feat such as seldom falls to the lot of a single inventor—he had not only originated a new process but had led it to a state of perfection which no successor had ever surpassed.

Up to the year 1839, Baxter carried out the

his own designs, and to this succeeded seven years, closing with his retirement in 1860, during which he gave up original work and devoted himself again to copies. Being endowed with that artistic temperament which is proverbially unable to fulfil engagements on time, he soon decided to abandon illustration commissioned by publishing firms in favor of the production of independent prints, and we find him proceeding from the illus-



"COPPER, YOUR HONOR"

PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER

tration of "Cabinets of Paintings" and the production of a large series of missionary prints, carried out in conjunction with the *London Missionary Society*, to the publication of a number of portraits of notabilities of the day. The portrayal of human features interested him above all, and he delighted especially in compositions crowded with numbers of small figures, to the detail of which he gave meticulous attention. To this side of his talent Baxter gave rein, in the year 1841, in the production of two famous prints (they now fetch anything up to £116), in which dozens of individuals take their part, each a characteristic likeness and correct in every accessory. These were his "Coronation of Queen Victoria" and "The Opening of Her First Parliament," both designed, painted, engraved, printed and published by himself. Their success led to special facilities being granted to him for attendance at court and parliamentary functions, and to opportunities being provided for a number of portraits

of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort and other members of the royal family. The portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert on the balcony, here illustrated, are specimens of the work proper to this period. Thence onward he was engaged in portraying every notability of his day. Collectors will be familiar among others with his presentments of Wellington and Peel, Napoleon III and his consort, Jenny Lind and Nelson, as well as those of a number of divines and of individuals prominent in the missionary movement.

But perhaps the greatest charm attaches to the prints that touch on simple, everyday themes, sometimes sentimental, sometimes playfully humorous, which comprise a large proportion of the smaller pictures. Of the sentimental group, "First Impressions" and "Domestic Happiness," here reproduced, are typical examples. These fetch at the salesroom up to £45 and £110, respectively. They breathe the very spirit of early Victorianism. Illustrative of the kindly, humorous type are "Short Change" and "Copper, Your Honor?," the former a

clever study of a small urchin, evidently deficient in either honesty or mathematics, who is unable to produce for the perusal of an irate grandmother the correct coins to tally with the minute bill which a magnifying glass will enable one to detect.

The cheapness with which Baxter sold his prints led to their adaptation to a variety of purposes. Collectors, in addition to seeking them in books, portfolios and souvenirs, may perchance come across them as decorations on needleboxes, pocketbooks, card trays, or pasted either into old scrapbooks or onto the covers of music-scores. Between 1849 and 1859 some twenty music scores were published thus embellished.

Unable to cope with the rapidly growing demand for his prints, Baxter in 1849 began the practice of extending his patent to certain licensees, of whom Le Blond proved himself the most accomplished. On Baxter's death in 1867, Le Blond took over practically the whole of Baxter's plates and the collector is thus faced with the necessity for

distinguishing between the output of Baxter himself and that of his licensee, as well as of detecting forgeries, pure and simple, such as engraved pictures colored by the brush. In order to differentiate his own work from that of his collaborators, Baxter, on adopting the licensee system, commenced to sign his prints and engraved his name in the body of the plate. He also instituted the custom of supplying a mount, impressed with a seal showing the name of the subject and that of the press producing the picture. In a way this method of the mount has but complicated the question of authenticity for one is frequently confronted by a Le Blond print on a Baxter mount. Although the growing scarcity of genuine Baxters has directed increased attention to the works of his various licensees, and accordingly forced up prices of their prints, these are of distinctly inferior merits. Not alone are the printings frequently out of register as a result of careless handling of the blocks, but in many instances a number of the prescribed printings have been left out with consequent loss of depth and brilliance of tone.

Whenever a print is found to be of less than the published dimensions, the collector must be on his guard. For it is a common practice among the faking fraternity to cut from a Le Blond picture the portion containing his signature and to market it as an authentic Baxter. Even mounts are faked and in this connection it should be noted that only those bearing the address "Northampton Square" are worth attention. In collecting what are now familiarly known as "Baxters," *tout court*, it should be noted whether or not the copy has been taken from an unworn plate, whether it has been touched up or repaired and whether it is undamaged or uncut. It should have been under all its blocks, and if belonging to the period of the mounts, should have its original specimen attached. It will add to the interest of a collection if different stages of prints, from the first pull (usually in a neutral, grey, bluish or purplish tint) to the finished impression can be secured.

England has now a *Baxter Society*, which publishes for the information of its members the



results of its researches. It is by the courtesy of the Society's secretary, Mr. Ernest Etheridge, of Birmingham, and by that of the *Baxter Times* that we have been privileged to reproduce the examples here illustrated.

Naturally, from the change of process involved, the three prints which are illustrated in color are not exact reproductions. It is impossible to give the effect of from twelve to twenty printings in four. There is a depth of color and tone in the originals which it would be impossible to reproduce by any means save Baxter's own. But the illustrations do serve to show the fine color achieved by this artist-printer as well as the wonderful technique of his engravings. With those shown in black and white they will give the reader as good an idea of the character of the prints as, without originals, it is possible to do.

The Man Who Couldn't Paint

"IT BEATS all!" Strode STEPHEN CHALMERS "It's a bit appalling,"
exclaimed, slapping the Strode went on, prodding
novel's covers together and planting the volume
on the table with a bang.

"So bad as that?" asked Bishop, the new-
comer, himself a writer of things more or less
printable.

"Bad? Lord, no!" protested Strode, painter
of "marines" and dean of the Carmel colony. "I
wasn't referring to the novel. You've read it, of
course? Who hasn't?"

Bishop hadn't—at the time; but he read it
that night after hearing the story Strode told him.
For the moment all Bishop knew about the book
was its title, *The Spirit of the Beast*, which glared
in red letters from the front cover above the name
of the author.

It was not Bishop's first encounter with the
title and the name. In fact, he had declined so
far to buy or even borrow and read the novel
simply because it was extensively advertised, not
only by publishers' "blurbs" but by such news-
paper critics as review books in their spare
moments from regular departmental work—such
as editing the sporting page or laying out comic
strips. And Bishop, himself a writer, but not as
yet listed among even the near-sellers, condemned
the "modern stuff" he proudly admitted he
couldn't write if he tried. He avoided as lowbrow
anything that was bawled from hoardings or ran
serially adown single columns flanked by barkers
chanting the merits of cereals, sausages, fountain
pens and toothpaste.

But Bishop and his literary daintiness are not
the story. Neither is that best-seller of 1917, *The
Spirit of the Beast*, except as a resultant phase in
the transformation of its author.

"As I was saying—or about to say further,"
Strode explained, "it beats all how in this business
of artistic expression so few of us find our *metier*.
Right here in Carmel, where we were all artists
up to a short time ago, but now call ourselves
painters to distinguish us from authors, scenario-
writers, gum-print men, woodcarvers, bookbinders
and other 'artists' who are mixing in—right here
in Carmel there are painters who ought to be
growing cabbages, poets who ought to be writing
ads, scenario-writers who might better, even more
profitably, run a chicken-farm, and a large per-
centage who ought to be mixing mortar instead of
colors, or peddling fish instead of magazine stories.

"Take, for example, the case of Gerard de-
Graaf.

with his foot the eucalyptus log in the studio's
open hearth—"it's a bit appalling to think of the
many millions who have been born and lived and
died ingloriously mute. But that isn't half so dis-
turbating as to think of 'the years we waste and the
tears we waste,' some of us, in misdirected effort.

"I'm holding no brief, you understand, for the
boneheads who refuse to believe they have no
talent, who even nurse the delusion through thick
and thin that they are geniuses! The tragedy to
me is where there is talent, even genius, and the
gifted owner thereof, quite aware of the gift,
doesn't know how to express it, but is perfectly
certain that he does, and is doing it.

"Take Bob Ingersoll, now. Some of us are
grateful that he followed the line he did. Some of
us aren't. But I often wonder what might have
been the result if he'd turned that tremendous
intellect of his, that amazing gift of verbally ex-
pressed reasoning, into the channel of straight
literature, say? Or if Woodrow Wilson had con-
fined himself to writing down ways to Utopia
instead of trying to lead as Moses toward the
Promised Land?

"Lots of examples, ancient and modern, will
suggest themselves to your own mind. But the
case of Gerard deGraaf will show you in a small
way, perhaps, what I'm getting at.

"Gerard joined the Carmel colony of artists
ten or eleven years ago. Came from Pennsylvania.
Dutch ancestors. While he was getting his art
education his people had money. When it came
Gerard's turn, there wasn't any money left.

"Still, he had all kinds of faith in himself.
There was no reason why he shouldn't have had.
He had talents—a variety of them. He could sing,
act, write verse and playlets. He was the life, light
and laughter of the colony. He had been taught
to paint, too—Fine Arts in his own state, *École
des Beaux Arts* and *Académie Julien* in Paris. All
he needed was to be able to paint.

"He hadn't been here a year before he scored
in a way that made some of us old plasterers gape.
He painted a picture called 'After That, the
Dark.' It was exhibited at the Institute, Chicago,
and won honorable mention. If merit is to be
judged by the amount of attention a canvas
receives, that picture ought to have taken first
prize. It created a furor—and much acrimonious
discussion.

"The thing was simplicity itself, plus that

something which may be the genius touch, or accident. You were first arrested by the title. Then, when your eye gazed on the picture, involuntarily the rest of Tennyson's poem and the whole beautiful melancholy of its thought enveloped you like a soft mantle. *'Twilight and evening star, And after that, the dark.'*

"There it was—all that. But you could not lay a mental finger upon how it was achieved. Not even your hardened, analytic technician could. It was there; that was all. Yet from the standpoint of art—well, it was atrocious! But, after all, what is art? Rule o' thumb, or achievement by any means?

"Here is what he had done, as nearly as anyone could describe it. He had painted a Pacific sun-down such as you may see almost any evening of the week here at Carmel. In the foreground there was an inchoate something, a daub which the imaginative might conceive as representing rocks, on the supposition that they could hardly be sand or trees. And rocks were due to be there, anyway.

"In the middle ground was a belt of bluish-green, flecked to make waves. (I am putting this to you in lay terms and just as the picture must have appeared to the layman's eye.) From a vague horizon of mixed crimson and gold spread a comet's tail of sunset reflection almost to your feet. The background was an evening sky deepening upward from that crimson-and-gold horizon blur to opal, turquoise and indigo shades. High up to the left was an early star, a mere flyspeck of frosty white. In the middle, in that crimson-gold blur, was the sun just balancing for its evening plunge.

"And there was the thing that got you! By some trick of the brush, or touch of genius, that sun was actually moving. It was slightly out of shape, as the sun often is in the horizon haze. As you stared at it the shape changed. Now it was circular, as a conventional sun ought to be; now it was orange-shaped, as it is apt to be at sunset; and again it was like a Japanese lantern or some ship's light swaying gently aloft.

"The thing possessed a strange fascination for all who looked at it. You couldn't just glance at that picture and pass on to the next exhibit. You wanted to linger and see that sun actually set! As you looked the picture frame seemed to disappear; your being merged into the scene; you were possessed by that rather sweet unhappiness which makes even ordinary persons watch the sun sink down into the big sea—makes the soul come to rest as the world itself similarly seems at a momentary standstill. Even as you watched that red-gold blur in the centre of the canvas, the sea

and the sky and those impossible rocks appeared to darken as if night were indeed creeping over the world. And, of course, you found yourself repeating, 'Twilight and evening star, and *after that, the dark!*' Well, after all the discussion about the thing's technical shortcomings—I won't repeat some of the things said about it by real painters, I haven't the gift of anathema—the canvas was sold for five thousand dollars to an advanced spinster who cried every time she saw it in old Kahn's window after the exhibit. Kahn was deGraaf's dealer, you know.

"I know what I like!' the spinster told Kahn as she wrote the check. Incidentally, a number of excellent paintings by unknowns have gone at low figures—also atrocious daubs at high figures—to persons who have known no more about art than just one phrase.

"Well, on the strength of that check and the seemingly indisputable fact that he had acquired a reputation, Gerard deGraaf married within a year. The wife he took to his bosom wasn't the girl Carmel had expected to celebrate. The Mrs. Gerard deGraaf who presently poured tea at the studio wasn't Nanny Wadsworth. Mrs. deGraaf had been a Miss Berwynd, a pretty little thing Gerard hauled out of the surf after a wave had snatched her and her easel and water-colors off the beach.

"That was just the day after Nanny Wadsworth, looking every inch the colony's darling with her bobbed hair and loose yellow smock, with one eye cocked speculatively and a cigarette dangling from her lip, told Gerard quite frankly what she thought of half-a-dozen canvases he had spread before her sophisticated gaze.

"Jerry,' said she, 'I've got to tell you the truth whether you like it or not. I hate to do it, but it may be an act of mercy in the long run—like giving poison to the sick.

"You can't paint.'

"It would be impossible to report the scene thereafter. The colony got it second or third-hand anyway. But Gerard had the artistic temperament. Also, he had his fair share of vanity. Furthermore, he was a very talented young man. Don't forget that. *He* didn't. Somewhere back of his many veins of talent there was a mother-lode of genius. He knew it; only he didn't know enough about himself, nor had he traced these outcroppings of talent to their source.

"Nanny had no talent. At least, she said so herself, and for the moment Gerard was quite in agreement. As to his inability to paint—Good Lord! Was she insane? Or, like some women, merely expressing a degree with a superlative? She

said he couldn't paint! What, then, was the matter with the Chicago Institute? Hadn't 'After That, the Dark' sold for five thousand dollars—and its painter at that time an unknown?

"'I like it myself,' Nanny admitted, 'but I'm like the old lady who bought it—I'm sure I can't tell why.'

"'Go! Go!' shrieked Gerard, incoherent with rage, disappointment, lacerated pride and hurt love. For he did love Nanny.

"And Nanny left the studio—'kicked out,' as she casually related at the Pink Rabbit, where she and others assembled nightly in the little booths and drank tea and smoked cigarettes and talked art after the manner of *La Vie de Boheme*. These were the Hobohemians of Carmel.

"Nanny Wadsworth, I should explain, was not an artist of any sort; only a clever little woman who might have been accomplished in anything to which she cared to apply herself. She came to Carmel about a year before all this with her brother, who was not very strong but had a gift for woodcarving. So he combined climate and business. He made very wonderful picture frames—hand-carved, you know. Looked at a painting and when he framed it the carved design seemed part of the picture. His work was much in demand presently; but he isn't touching carving tools any more.

"But Nanny, his sister—she wasn't artistic. Didn't pretend to be. But she liked the free life of the art colony. She hadn't been here a week before she had joined the Hobohemians, bobbed her hair, donned a yellow smock and learned to smoke a cigarette in public with the proper degree of abandon. A pose, of course; but we are all posing as something—some of us seriously, even to ourselves. Nanny's wasn't serious, even to herself. She was having the fun of it, while brother got his health back for a time and made picture frames and, incidentally, quite a lot of money.

"She hadn't been here a month, either, before she began to absorb some very decided and usually correct ideas about art—I mean the painter's art. At first she was like Gerard's spinster patron. But presently Nanny Wadsworth could put forward a very cogent reason why she liked or didn't like a thing. Landers, who is perhaps the biggest man we have here, told me once he was always on pins and needles when he showed Nanny a canvas; all ashake until the oracle spoke, because, as he said, she usually made a snapshot bullseye.

"Well, after Nanny told Gerard deGraaf that in her judgment he couldn't paint, he was a very unhappy man. Nanny, no doubt, was an unhappy

woman. She made no bones of the fact that she was quite fond of Gerard. Frankly told me one evening in the Pink Rabbit that she never knew how much she cared for him until they'd had the falling-out. She smoked more cigarettes than usual, appeared more Hobohemian, and it was not always tea that was poured in the little pink cups at the Rabbit.

"Gerard, on the other hand, appeared to recover his equilibrium almost at once. That same evening he himself appeared in the Rabbit—as much himself as if he had just sold another freak sunset. Nanny was there in the corner booth with young Colson, the desert painter, and Gray, the Scot whose 'Cañon Sycamores' won a bronze medal at St. Louis, and Pauline Verrall of the Arts and Crafts Shoppe.

"DeGraaf pretended to have some important mail to consider and did not join the circle in the corner booth—did not even appear to have noticed the little party. I happened to blow in for a bite of supper on my way in from San Francisco. Gerard, seeing me, declared that he had been just about to order. We supped together.

"He presently confided to me that he'd had a narrow escape from the bonds of matrimony; in fact, told me how near the altar he and Nanny had been when she spilled the orange blossoms by attacking his art.

"'Too bad!' I said. 'Nanny's a fine girl for all her Hobohemian disguise. You might have done worse. As to her criticism of your work, it is too soon to go so far, perhaps, as she did. But you have not found yourself yet, my boy. One picture does not make a painter, although one success indicates his probable capacity for other successes. As to Nanny's ability to criticize, she hasn't any—technical background. But though I profess to be no literary shark, I have, I believe, as good a taste in reading as the next man.'

"This led to a discussion of books, authors, literature at random. And here Gerard deGraaf shone. As 'father' of the colony perhaps my opinions on painting might command the respect due to old age, but in literature I was, compared with deGraaf, as a child walking in darkness.

"'Well, I know what I like!' I countered when he had me cornered. The story of Gerard's spinster patron is a Carmel byword, you know.

"'And I can't say that I like this Bernard Shaw of yours,' I continued, 'or this Spoon River man. The one knocks down the pillars of society and offers no better support for the house of life. The other, Spoon River, seems to me to kick over all the rules of subject and treatment in poetry. I incline rather to Poe, whose religion was to make

beautiful even that which is dreadful and to do so with the most perfect technique.'

"'Oh, that's all right!' cried Gerard, who was always in a hurry to recover the floor when he had mounted one of his numerous hobby-horses. 'I agree with you about Poe, of course—about beauty of thought and form of expression. But don't be too hard on Spoon River. He meant well and did well—perhaps better than you think. But Shaw now! You are wrong, quite wrong! The only trouble with Shaw is that while he sees the supports of this merry dance-hall are all askew and in danger of involving the revelers in disaster, he can recommend no solution—no immediate solution. Furthermore, the man has failed to get a grip upon his undoubted genius. Between that and his inability to perceive and offer a cure for the sores he so mercilessly exposes, he compromises on the role of part-Iago, part-Machiavelli, part-Mephisto and laughs in his sleeve over the mischief he's making. But nevertheless he's right, Shaw is! Only he may be making matters worse by his ridiculing of many a sore subject, encouraging the ribald to make a jest of that which is tragedy. Yet I suppose if some other genius arose and, without the Shavian humor, gravely stated the same facts, tore the same fallacies apart, riddled the same shams, similarly but in all seriousness stripped off the clothes which make us seem what we are not, and paraded human nature so that we might at last perceive that the spirit of man which was supposed to be in the ascendant was not, despite all our achievements, much above the animal—perhaps even nearer to the beast than ever through this very Roman holiday of conceit—if anyone did this in all solemnity, he would be put down for a preacher, a reformer, a pessimist, a coiner of jeremiads, a person of low mind and improper thoughts, of bilious liver and jaundiced intellect, and his warnings set aside after one amused reading.'

"'Oh, I tell you, Strode, we are come to a rotten pass in the world's history!'

"He raised his voice—a Pink Rabbit privilege—and was now declaiming. Everybody could hear him. Perhaps he was pleasantly conscious of it. Perhaps he was particularly aware that across the room, in the corner booth, was Nanny Wadsworth, her eyes fixed upon him encouragingly, admiringly, silently applauding, and the burning cigarette, forgotten, dangling listlessly between her slightly stained fingers. Her lips were parted and her whole interest seemed for him. Young Colson and Gray, observing her distraction, had also turned their attention to the cause of it. Landers, who had dropped in in the meantime and was sitting

alone, was leaning back, enjoying himself immensely as Gerard deGraaf's words poured out in a silver torrent that would have made the man from Nebraska wonder who diverted the headwaters.

"I doubt if even a lightning stenographer could have caught that speech word for word. It was a wonderful and fearful thing; wonderful as extemporaneous speech, fearful as an arraignment of modern conditions. Nanny and I, if not the others, had reason to know that Gerard, by education and natural appetite, had absorbed an amazing amount of classical knowledge, particularly concerning ancient races and lost arts; but none of us knew till this minute that such things were poised on the tip of his tongue, ready to take flight at his will.

"The sum and substance of it was this. The world was weary, surfeited, *blasé*. Like Alexander, it was drunk and weeping because there seemed nothing more to achieve. Yet what had we achieved? Nothing that was not material. We had conquered the air. We could ride on it and speak through it. We had learned to harness rivers, waterfalls, and employ their power. Presently we would harness the tides and make the waves of the sea and the heat of the sun and the steam of volcanoes subject to our will, even as we had enslaved the power of a few grains of alchemic radium filched from thousands of tons of Mother Earth, whose bosom we were also draining of its oils. We had all but conquered disease. Science was about to restore youth to the senile, and even the secret of life was at discovery's finger-tips.

"All material achievement, however. Where was art for art's sake—the beauty for beauty's sake our ancestors pursued? The spirit of man which had then striven upward had abandoned its reaching after the spiritual and gone as the beast, downward—and here was the tragedy of it!—without knowing it, actually believing we were still ascending toward perfection. Beauty and romance were dead. Art for anything but money's sake was dying. Desire to possess an object of art and beauty was now in nine cases out of ten but the desire for prestige in the possession. Gone were the women of yesterday, the mothers of yesterday, who made home an institution instead of a casual lodging-house. The woman of today, particularly the American woman, declared Gerard, was a beautiful parasite—'the orchid of civilization.'

"Materialism! Gerard deGraaf did not use the word 'militarism.' The latter was not to come into common usage for a year or two yet. But 'materialism' he branded as the sword which was

presently to descend upon the hapless house of modern society. Materialism was worse than war, or threats of war, for in the end it would provoke men to war as wild beasts to carnage among themselves over coveted meat. And upon the head of these goodnatured United States he placed the blame of breeding and nurturing this monstrosity, whose progeny in turn were colonizing the earth, Americanizing the earth, Americanizing art, reducing all things, even beauty and faith and love, to conventional patterns, machine-made and of standardized parts!

"By this time Gerard was on his feet. He always got on his feet when he warmed up to a subject. Also, getting on one's feet was another inalienable Pink Rabbit privilege. His eyes were ablaze; his artistic, brushed-back hair flying like a wet mop or Creatore's brush in the *finale*, and he waved his arms like a Quixotic windmill. Yet there was something inspiring about the figure of him then. He was genius of some sort personified—running riot. And so he went on.

"The world—its so-called civilization—was come to an impasse. Something was going to happen; something was bound to happen. Gerard felt it in the air. Like Herod in *Salome*, he heard 'something that is like the beating of wings, the beating of vast wings.' Like Herod, he cried out in a queer, prophetic, half-crazed way that something was going to happen—something terrible was going to happen!

"Then Gerard seemed to wake up to the fact that where in the beginning he had been consciously talking for the grandstand—Nanny, mainly—in the end he had forgotten her and even himself in his subject. He stopped short, looked confused, muttered something incoherently, picked up his hat and walked out of the Pink Rabbit, slamming the door after him.

"He ought to have been an actor!" cried young Colson, breaking the sudden silence.

"Ought tae r-run fur Coangress!" said the Scot who painted sycamores and cañons.

"At least, he oughtn't to paint," said Nanny quietly.

"Presently she slipped over to my booth, sat in Gerard's vacated place and told me her version of the falling-out. In these days, my friend, they all came to 'Daddy' Strobe.

"Well, there was nothing I could do at that time but offer sympathy. Later, as it turned out, I was to take a hand in the game, or, rather, I was to play a hand dealt by Nanny Wadsworth from a stacked deck.

"It was the very day after Gerard's outburst on the rottenness of Denmark that he hauled Miss

Ethel Berwynd out of the surf. She was truly grateful, even if the easel and the rest of the outfit went out with the undertow. Her mother, with whom Miss Berwynd occupied a rented studio, was even more grateful, explaining that Ethel was not very robust, hinting at lungs. Therefore, Gerard called next day to inquire if the delicate, pretty girl had suffered from unexpected immersion in the Pacific.

"She hadn't. In fact, she was up and about, looking quite bewitching in dry and fluffy things where she had been just sort of appealing when drenched. She had been making inquiries about her hero, too, and now accused him of modesty in a number of things. Now she knew that her noble rescuer was also a genius! Was it not he who had painted that masterpiece, 'After That, the Dark?' Gerard admitted it, bowing low to cover his embarrassment and pleasure.

"At that, she must have his opinion on 'some little things' she had done. Not much, surely, and she was dreadfully diffident about showing them to a man of Gerard deGraaf's reputation. She was only a beginner and—'just little water-colors, you know.'

"He looked them over with the heavy eye of experience which hopes to find merit but not expecting it. They were, like Miss Berwynd herself, very pretty but lacking in distinctiveness. That is to say, there was nothing about them one could very well criticize constructively. He said as much, with judicious editing. From the painter of 'After That, the Dark' even faint praise was as pollen to a bee. She took all of it she could carry and fairly succumbed under the sweet burden of it. And that she would 'dearly love to see some of his later work' paved the way for an invitation to mother to bring her daughter to have tea at the deGraaf studio. The studio, Gerard explained, was a bachelor affair, but no doubt the presence of two ladies, etc., etc.

"It did. Mother Berwynd looked around the studio when she arrived with Ethel next day, raised her hands to heaven in playful horror and promptly set about straightening a few things and laying plans for a more extensive reorganization of the deGraaf habitation. In the meantime, Ethel insisted upon making the tea and of course had to have Gerard in the kitchenette to show her where he kept things. And when, after tea, Gerard showed them some of his latest canvases, it was proved absolutely that Nanny Wadsworth had no art sense whatever!

"Ethel Berwynd became Mrs. Gerard deGraaf a few weeks later, Mother Berwynd continuing as executive after the honeymoon. Nanny took the

event with outward philosophy, being at Monterey when the thing happened, and after her return playing around with young Colson. But one evening in the Pink Rabbit she leaned across the table and, unperceived, unheard by anyone else, placed her slender, nicotine-stained fingers on my hand and said in a broken whisper, 'Oh, Daddy Strode—Daddy!—I've lost my playmate.'

"I can tell you these little things because—well, the whole story is now as much Carmel's own pet romance as that copy of *The Spirit of the Beast* is my personal property.

"Well, the deGraafs were married. At the outset things went wrong. Gerard was in my studio within three months with a sad mother-in-law tale. He had nothing against his wife, or was too much of a man to utter it if he had. But I don't think he had; only that he still loved Nanny Wadsworth and had never loved the girl he hauled out of the surf. From the way he reviled the editor of *The Caramel*, our art colony's weekly roast, I think he gave Henson a fair share of blame for foisting a wife and mother-in-law upon his bachelor calm. Henson, you know, didn't care what he put in his rag. He offended one to afford mirth for the rest. Henson himself was as broad as the Pacific, and as unrestrained. His tale of the rescue was a scream to everybody but Gerard. Somehow it did not displease Mother Berwynd. Henson further reported Gerard, 'haggard and anxious,' making that call of solicitous inquiry; also, the rapid developments of the affair were duly chronicled in each successive issue. It would have been really embarrassing if Gerard had not fulfilled Henson's prophecy of the outcome of the 'romantic drama.' One thing more. Shen Henson hinted in the third act that there was a broken heart in the corner booth of the Pink Rabbit, Nanny Wadsworth just slapped his face in the post office at mail time and never explained to him or anyone else why she did it. She never even took the cigarette out of her mouth.

"Not only mother-in-law figured in the tale of woe Gerard brought to me. Money, too. His wife had none. His mother-in-law had none. And Gerard had had a bad half-hour explaining to the latter why at times even a great painter might not have two to rub together. He had sold nothing 'After That, the Dark.' The five thousand was gone, most of it in the buying of a lot and the building of a studio worthy of its occupant's reputation.

"'Why don't you paint another 'After That, the Dark?'' I asked him.

"'My God, Strode!' he cried. 'Would you have me descend to duplication? I know it is

done and is permissible to a certain extent. But I have made a rule. I shall never repeat myself. It is unworthy of a great painter—I mean, an artist who is conscientious.'

"'Well, paint something else that's saleable.'

"'I suppose that's the only way out—paint some potboiler that will loosen the purse strings of an art-loving world. Something with a dog in it and a leet-le che-ild, and call it 'Faithful Unto Death.'

"'Gerard,' I said in my best paternal manner, 'Listen to me. You're young and you're married. The combination is sometimes inconvenient. But the former has this advantage in your case. You may turn out a few potboilers without damaging the reputation your later works may bring you. Remember that Shakespeare rehashed old plays when he wasn't doing stage-carpentry. You can't put across innovations in art—and some of your productions are that—until you have a living to back your insistence for recognition.'

"He sighed and took up his hat.

"'I suppose I'll have to do it, much as I hate to,' he said. At the door he turned and added an important fact, as if it had just occurred to him as perhaps some extenuation for the proposed crime against himself.

"'Ethel's sick, you know,' he said.

"'She was. I did not know how sick until she was dead—two months later. I had seen little of deGraaf in the meantime. Few of us had, except for a moment in the post office. Then, I thought, he looked strained, as from overwork.

"'He had been working, working like a dog. These must have been for him days in purgatory—painting till his eyes hurt, with a sick girl in the next room and Mother Berwynd coming in to ask when the picture would be done and how much he would get for it. He made several trips to San Francisco, taking with him four or five canvases at a time. He did not bring them back, but he did not sell them either. Old Kahn has told me since—and deGraaf makes no secret of it now—that Gerard asked the privilege of storing them in the dealer's cellar, rather than to carry them back as visible emblems of failure. What Kahn had told him about the canvases must have quite discouraged him from offering them to anyone else.

"'Paint another picture with the unique quality of 'After That, the Dark,' said Kahn, 'and I believe I could fix your money troubles over night.'

"'I will think about it,' said Gerard; 'but I will not duplicate.'

"The one thing that heartened him in these days was the loyalty of his sick wife. She believed in him, in his art, in his ability to paint great

pictures. Kahn, she said, was 'a mercenary old Jew who doesn't want real art because the popular stuff brings him more money on his forty per cent commission.' Always she urged him to stick to his colors, literally and figuratively.

"Just what happened the day before Ethel deGraaf died no one knows exactly, but I suspect in a general way. Mother-in-law's complainings, too, may have broken him at last. Anyway, he threw down his palette and brushes, kicked over the easel, canvas and all, and with a burst of hysterical laughter announced to Mother Berwynd and his wife: 'Nanny was right! Now I know. I can't paint, and it's no use holding the pose any longer!'

"Mother Berwynd took the announcement surprisingly well. 'That being the case,' said she, 'why don't you go to work?'

"'Work!' cried the sick girl-wife. 'Gerard deGraaf working? Oh, mother! What are you saying? You don't understand. You never have understood. If it's me you're worrying about—please don't! All great geniuses have had to go through this sort of thing—their wives too. Look at Poe. Why can't I be to Gerard what Virginia was to him? Oh, mother, I'd be glad to die, even of starvation, rather than see Gerard give up!'

"Well, she did die during the following night, not of starvation exactly, but quietly and in sleep. Her last words to Gerard, when he was telling her good-night and hoping she would feel better in the morning, were: 'Dear Gerard! Don't brood over what mother said. It was no more what she feels than was the thing you said—about your painting—what you really think and *I know!* Promise me something, dear.'

"'Anything, girlie, anything,' said Gerard, who was at the end of his resistance to anything.

"'That if I have to go—after, I mean—you won't let mother or anyone else change your ambition, and you won't give up. For oh, Gerard, I *know* you can paint! I *know* you are a genius, and the world will know it, too, if you will just not give up. Promise!'

"'I promise, dear. Now go to sleep,' said he, as he might have spoken to a little child.

"She slept, and did not wake up—in Carmel, at least. After the funeral, Mother Berwynd, with a few bitter remarks on men who thought more of their 'art' than of a wife's welfare, departed for parts unknown, her going somewhat accelerated by a burst of rage on the part of the distracted Gerard deGraaf.

"'Practically kicked out. He's good at that,' said Nanny Wadsworth when the news reached her that the last of the Berwynds had gone.

"Then followed the really dark period in deGraaf's career—the still, brooding darkness which is more trying than the fury of the storm. He stayed alone in that studio, which was fortunately his own and unencumbered. Only heaven knew at the time how he occupied himself, how he sustained life, what he thought about. Unquestionably he painted some; but a man can paint no more than so many hours of daylight, although they do say that Berger turns out his monthly stack of pines and rocks by gasoline lamp.

"Occasionally Gerard left Carmel carrying some canvases to Kahn. When he brought them back—which he did now—it was with the same wild eye of defiance of the silly world's opinions on art with which he took them away. 'Gerard's Swallows,' the unkind used to call these pictures, because they ever homeward flew.

"He could not have had any, or much, money. Nanny worried about his health while she gave him no more than her broadcast merry smile and light word when she passed him in the village. He never came to the Rabbit nowadays. No more were we regaled with his outbursts of song, satire, or fluent oratory—for his variety had been infinite in happier days. He seemed to know something of everything except painting. It was only in painting that he lacked an almost diabolically unerring intuition and touch.

"Nanny reported to me that he never bought anything at the store but tea, crackers, jam and occasionally a half-pound of pork sausage. A few days later I casually invited him to have supper with me some night—any night—'why not tomorrow night?' He glared at me and declined without thanks. Several of the others—Gray and Landers and Colson and Berger—tried to inveigle him into a square meal, but got snubbed for their charity.

"I did not know until later that it was Nanny Wadsworth who took advantage of one of his absences Kahnward to pay a surreptitious visit to his studio. We never locked 'em in those dear days. After tidying up a bit, she left the table set for supper with a baked meat loaf, some fresh rolls and coffee in the pot ready to warm up. She told me about it next day, but only by way of asking advice. She had watched his homecoming from behind the saltbush hedge and had had for her pains the spectacle of meat-loaf, rolls and coffee—pot and all—being shot out of the kitchenette door.

"'I can offer no suggestion, Nanny,' I said. 'Better leave him alone.'

"Whether she did or not I didn't know for some time. As a matter of fact, she didn't. She just kept mothering Jerry deGraaf in secret, while

in public her conduct made for no increased respect from him or anybody. Except for her morals, for Nanny was too cool-headed and brainy to offend the conventions, she was Murger's *Mimi* to life. Pauline Verrall, of the Arts and Crafts Shoppe, who could be quite catty, called her 'The Village Slouch'—hearing which Nanny laughed, showing a set of beautiful white teeth, and said: 'Thank God they're my own!'

"Then came the climax. It arrived with the premonitory signs all wrong. Of course, to me, who was presently a fellow-conspirator with Nanny, it was only a surprise in that the conspiracy worked without a hitch. To the rest of Carmel it looked merely as if Nanny had recovered from her heart-wound and deGraaf from his; only there was no sign that these two would ever come together again. Perhaps if Nanny had offered him even the pip of an olive he might have gravitated back to the Rabbit and his old flame. But Nanny's behavior with young Colson was getting to be 'a byword and an opprobrium,' as somebody says.

"It was the day after an occasion when Gerard returned from a visit to Kahn, bringing the usual flock of 'swallows,' but with a curious new light in his face, that Nanny came to me in my studio—a place she had never set foot in before—I mean, alone.

"I didn't take your advice that time,' she said, depositing a package on the table, making herself comfortable and lighting the inevitable cigarette. 'I've been playing spy on G. deGraaf for months. I've been cooking for him, darning his socks and doing his laundry. Only he doesn't know it. At first he objected to my cooking and chucked it out. But he had to wear the shirts and socks. Then he got tired of feeding the brush-rabbits and the neighbors' cats and took to his meals-from-heaven like a motherless lamb to the sucking-bottle. I think he even went away oftener to facilitate the operations of the angelic envoy.'

"Day before yesterday he went off to Kahn's with some more perfectly good canvas ruined. In doing my housework up there at his studio I ran into something on his desk that interested me immensely. I wanted to swipe it at the time and bring it to you, but was afraid he'd miss it.'

"Yesterday he came back, and I saw right away he'd got hold of himself in some way—got some sort of a new grip on life, I mean, although it might have been just another temporary mirage. I watched him from behind the saltbush hedge last night. What do you suppose he was doing?'

"Never make a guess,' said I.

"Preparing a new canvas—a big one, too.'

"Poor fool!'

"You've got to admire his grit!' Nanny flashed at me.

"I do. I merely weep to see it wasted.'

"What d'you suppose he's painting—right at this minute, I mean?'

"Canvas' would express it, doubtless.'

"Of course. But he came down to the Rabbit this morning and actually bought himself a solid breakfast. Was whistling 'Il Bacio,' too, while waiting for his ham-and-eggs. I said, 'G'morning, Jerry!' and he said 'G'morning, Nanny! Sit down. I've got some great news for you.'

"Sorry,' I said in my best up-stage manner, 'but I've got to see Jack Colson about a little thing we're planning for tonight.'

"You hussy!'

"Sure!' I agreed, lightly blowing smoke-rings. Then I strolled out and slipped up to his studio before he could get through with the ham-and-eggs. He'd been at work since sun-up. He's trying to repeat his success of 'After That, the Dark.'

"Here's hoping,' I said; but I had reason for entertaining little hope. There was something I had long surmised about that much talked-of canvas of his.

"Don't waste hope like that!' said Nanny ironically, but with a sudden, curious break in her voice. She bit her lip, then went on in her assumed *blasé* manner: 'So I swiped that package and brought it along. He won't miss it now for a while. Busy?'

"I was, but—'Oh, nothing special,' I said.

"All right,' she said, undoing the piece of cotton twine and greasy wrapping paper in which she had hastily assembled the contents. 'I didn't have time to go very far with it. Suppose we tackle it together. Now we'll see what little old Jerry's been doing with himself all these months.'

"But, Nanny!—' I began in protest.

"Shut up, Daddy, I'm running this show!' she snapped; and that was the end of my scruple.

"We were together in my studio for hours. Except for an occasional amazed grunt from me and a continuously murmured, 'Jerry! Oh—Jerry' from Nanny, there was no sound in the room but the rustling of paper. Nanny even forgot to smoke.

"When we had done we sat and stared at each other. It was Nanny who broke the silence.

"Daddy Strobe,' said she. 'How much a month to hire a typewriter?'

"Well, two months passed. Nanny was busy and the Rabbit saw little of her. Young Colson seemed to have been forgotten. She was helping her brother, she said. His health had suffered a

temporary relapse. DeGraaf was busy too, and everybody knew on what. In the first flush of new creation he made a confidant of everybody, but talked less about it as the weeks went by and there came no word of the masterpiece being finished.

"He's made seven of 'em to date,' Nanny confided to me one day, 'and now he's on the eighth!'

"When will you be ready?' I inquired of my fellow-conspirator.

"Oh, I finished weeks ago. I'm just waiting for the jury to hang or reject.'

"At the end of that second month Nanny's actions became more mysterious. She had apparently quit her job of 'helping brother' and spent most of her time at the Rabbit. She discouraged intrusion upon her solitariness of mood and person, smoked innumerable cigarettes, and her eye never strayed long from the little window which commands the road that comes down from deGraaf's studio.

"On the third day of her vigil she saw Gerard come down the hill and take the stage-coach. He was pale, haggard and thin. He awkwardly lugged a canvas wrapped in newspapers and tied with variegated strings knotted together. As soon as the stage and Gerard had left, Nanny headed for my studio. I was very busy that morning doing letters for the Carmel Art Association's forthcoming summer exhibition, but Nanny said this was no time for fooling.

"All right,' she said. 'Number eight's the *magnum opus*. He's taken it to Kahn. The obsequies are scheduled for tonight.'

"Well, what are you going to do, Nanny? You can't tear down all his castles and not offer him even a hovel in which to house his soul.'

"Nanny chirruped contemptuously and planted a letter on the table. It seemed to be from a New York publishing house, but its contents were not such as to help the situation. Here it is as far as I can remember how it ran:

MISS AGNES WADSWORTH,
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA.

Dear Miss Wadsworth:

We are glad to have had the opportunity of considering your first offering as a literary agent, and only regret that we can not offer your client a contract for *The Spirit of the Beast*. While the writer has undoubtedly a remarkable fecundity of thought and felicity of diction, his subject, treated in a masterly manner though it is, would win little popularity at this time.

As a business concern we must of course take

many things into consideration besides literary quality, the chief being: will a book make even a small return on the outlay involved in its production? We are satisfied that, despite the high quality of this work, as literature, it would not repay us or its author in the more material sense. We are therefore regretfully compelled to return it.

At the same time, we have been much interested in this manuscript. If your client could be induced to turn his high gift of word painting to subjects of a less sombre nature and be made to see the wisdom of avoiding such excessive candor, we have no doubt that in the future we might be able to add something of his to our lists.

Very truly yours,

THE SOMETHING, SOMEBODY CO.

"Well, except for that last paragraph, Nanny—'

"Oh, I know!' she cut me off. 'Don't be a bromide, Daddy. It's just what I wanted. It's just enough to give him a little straw to grab onto until the ship comes along. And in the meantime, as he'll need encouragement to navigate even his straw, he should have a mate.'

"Going to propose to him, Nanny?'

"Oh, no. I'll just marry him. I'll have to. You see that, don't you?'

"I—see,' was all I could think to say. Then—'Aside from a little thing like that, what's the big program?'

"He'll probably come back this evening. I'm not making any supper for him. He won't want any tonight. I'll have supper with you at the Rabbit.'

"Yes, ma'am. Then—?'

"If he comes, you'll go up first and do the— the dirty work.'

"Yes, ma'am. Poison. Then the knife.'

"I'll be out behind the saltbush hedge. And when you get through—'

"Exit the villain. Enter the heroine, who discovers there is still life in the hero.'

"Ye-es,' she said, smiling faintly through tears she did not try to hide. 'Oh, it's—it's awful! But he's got to go through with it, Daddy!'

"So have I, it seems!' I groaned. 'Well—seven be all right for supper?'

"Make it six-thirty.'

"I would rather skim over the rest.

"Gerard deGraaf returned to Carmel about eight o'clock that evening. He did not bring back the masterpiece, but his face told the story of what had happened. His eyes had the glassy stare of a

dead man's. Like one recovering from a long illness he walked slowly up to the road to his studio. Nanny and I watched his progress from the little window of the Rabbit. I'll confess that my eyes were a bit foggy. Nanny was openly crying.

"Now, Daddy," Nanny gulped. "Go ahead—but take time. Give him, say, five minutes to himself in the ruins. Then stroll in. I'll follow presently and be behind the saltbush hedge until you come out."

"I went like a butcher to the slaughterhouse. There was no light in the studio, but I knew Jerry was there, sitting alone in the darkness. I waited five or six minutes, then went in."

"I struck a match in the studio. By its uncertain flicker I saw him hunched up in a chair. I lighted a lamp without saying anything. He only looked up dazedly, said 'Oh—Strode?' and crumpled up again."

"Yes, it's Strode," I said, and that was all for the moment. I looked around for the thing I wanted to see—out of mere curiosity. It wasn't there, of course, but lying around the studio were five or six fresh-appearing canvases. They were all the same picture more or less. They were all bad; some worse than others. On the back of each was penciled the same title—"So Be My Passing." It at once suggested a passage from Henley. Remembering his successful Tennyson title I supposed that this new title and the picture itself were to suggest the context:

'So be my passing.

My task accomplished, and the long day done;

My wages taken, and in my heart

Some late lark singing in the quiet sky;

May I be gathered to the quiet west,

The sundown splendid and serene.'

"I saw what he had tried to do and utterly failed in the doing. As a painting that sundown behind California hills was—a fright! In conjunction with the thought behind the title it was pathos. I could hardly even imagine how Kahn must have looked, and what he said, when this daub was unveiled to his gaze."

"Well, Gerard," I said to the man who couldn't paint, "I suppose you realize this is the end."

"I have already been told," he moaned.

"Why did you keep on? That's what puzzles me. You know 'After That, the Dark' was only an accident of your brush. You couldn't have done it again in a thousand years under the law of chances."

"He raised a drawn face and stared at me."

"You knew that?" he asked.

"Yes. Didn't you?—honest, now?"

"I didn't. Before God, I didn't! I had tried for some such effect—and it came."

"That's what the tenderfoot said when he shot at the buck and it somehow got in the way of his bullet."

"It was brutal, of course, but I was under orders from my general."

"He groaned and his head sank."

"What are you going to do, Gerard? Of course you might sell the studio and open an opposition to the Pink Rabbit. Not a bad idea at that! You could hang up your last painting as a sign-board and call the place 'The Passing Show.'"

"He looked up at me slowly."

"What are you trying to do to me, Strode?" he asked with a kind of pained wonder. "You can't hurt me, you know."

"Are you through with painting?" I roared at him.

"Yes—quite. Also, it is through with me."

"Good! Well, that's all I came to find out. You'll be a big man yet if you don't shoot yourself in the meantime."

"I was thinking about it," he said quietly, "and how ridiculous it was at such a dramatic moment to have no gun nor know how to shoot."

"Well, don't get one and learn. It would make such a mess and the colony would have to ante-up the funeral expenses."

"He suddenly got to his feet, stiffening like a cobra about to strike, and addressed me with icy inciseness."

"Mr. Strode. I did not invite you to call this evening. In fact, I had hoped to be alone. I should feel vastly obliged if you would again utilize the door by which you came in without knocking. And please do not come here again until I send you word that I like your company. Good-night, Mr. Strode."

"Good-night, Mr. deGraaf," I said curtly, and left.

"That is, I went out and, standing in the darkness, looked back at a window beyond which I could see the interior of the lamplit studio. The instant I was gone he must have collapsed. He was lying face downward on the rug before the fireless open hearth. Presently I saw the little door leading from the kitchenette open and Nanny softly enter."

"Then I went away, knowing that discretion is the better part of curiosity."

"Next morning I went down to the Rabbit, hoping to see Nanny and hear how things had worked out. I found her and Gerard deGraaf discussing a pile of flapjacks and maple syrup. When

they saw me Nanny became horribly confused for some reason. She blushed pink. DeGraaf grinned at me, rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"'You old beast!' said he.

"'For heaven's sake, Gerard!' I cried. 'Wipe the syrup off your face! . . . Well, what's in the wind?'

"'We were just coming up to get you,' said Nanny. 'I'll have to be given away, and brother's not feeling up to it.'

"'Certainly, certainly,' I murmured. 'But first, stay me with flapjacks. Comfort me with syrup.'

"So later in the forenoon I assisted in marrying Nanny Wadsworth to Gerard deGraaf. But it was a strangely altered Gerard; or, rather, it was the old Gerard shorn of his belief in himself as a painter. He was brilliantly, hilariously, light-hearted. At the wedding luncheon, to which as 'father' of the bride I invited the whole colony, he had us all in convulsions, after the first grim silence at his even mentioning the painful subject, over his description of old Kahn's face when he saw that *magnum opus*, 'So Be My Passing.'

"'It's a great title, deGraaf!' the old Jew had cried. 'Y'ought to frame that picture, deGraaf. I wouldn't sell it if I was you, deGraaf—not for fifty dollars I wouldn't! It should be a fam'ly heirloom, deGraaf—something your great-grandchildren could look at and say, 'Grampa done that, an' the title means—'He's Through!''

"Then Nanny made a speech, and I could have kissed the dear lass—and did as soon as she sat down. We all did, in fact, except Henson of *The Caramel*. He'd had his smack.

"Nanny stood up there; pretty, wistful, smiling, with just a suggestion of crying, and told us the story of Gerard's mistake—the mistake lots of us might be making. Because we wanted to express ourselves it didn't follow that pigment and canvas were the only mediums, or always the best. Genius was a lake and rivers were its talents of expression. There might be many rivers flowing out of the same lake, but usually there was one particular channel into which all the others flowed and went as one to the sea. Gerard had found his main outlet of expression. It wasn't painting with oils or water-colors; it was making pictures of things that are rather of the mind than the eye, and it was done with ink and paper. Gerard, she said, had once made a promise to someone very near to him—we all knew and looked at our plates—that he would never give up painting. But he was not breaking that promise in becoming a writer of books. He was still fulfilling his ambition to express himself and the medium was painting

still—word-painting. He had written a book. It had not been accepted yet, but Nanny was sure it would be. And they were going to travel uphill together until it was. That was why she had married him and hired a typewriting machine. She and 'brother' and Gerard were all going to live together in Gerard's studio and save rent, and she, Nanny, would do the cooking for both while they worked for the future.

"'It's a perfectly cold-blooded business proposition,' she assured us, 'except that I love Jerry and Jerry loves me, and we don't care who knows it!'

"Well, that's all. To be brief about that novel, which I told you in the beginning was not important save as a resultant phase of its author, *The Spirit of the Beast* was offered to the public in 1913. That was after it had been offered successively and in vain to twelve other publishers. The thirteenth (who didn't know his number) agreed to try it on the public dog. It fell flat.

"You see, at that time, a year before the War, nobody cared a whoop about the 'Beast' or its author's description of exactly what the world was coming to in a month or two—all based, you know, on that scriptural tag, 'Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?'

"The novel wasn't even ridiculed or roasted. It simply appeared, got the usual press notices—mostly publishers' 'blurbs' modified or rewritten—and died the death.

"But along in 1917, when we were all talking about the 'Hun' and the 'Beast' and preachers were telling us that the whole trouble was we had departed, like Solomon, from our God, somebody—may be a proofreader with a memory, or a lino-type operator with a taste for worth-while copy—drew the attention of some literary blacksmith or 'colyum'-artist to the fact that every blessed thing the preachers, editorial-writers and idealists were howling these days had been said a darned sight better in a novel by a fellow with a Dutch-sounding name—a yarn published a year before anybody started anything at Sarajevo.

"Anyway, the novel, resurrected, came out again with a publishers' preface about the first edition and its failure, citing the public's indifference at that time as proof of the novel's point. Nanny was telling me only yesterday that it has sold over a hundred and fifty thousand copies.

"And, by the way, I happened to say to Nanny: 'The old *Beast's* success must make that firm—what-d'ye-call-'em?—The Something, Somebody Company—feel quite peeved.'

"'Oh, I shouldn't think so,' said Nanny. 'I never heard of the firm myself!''

PARCELL, *Realist and Romanticist*

TO THE JURY of admissions for the 1919 annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design there was presented a painting entitled "Louine" by an artist unknown to

either the jurors or to fame. It was accepted; and the jury on awards bestowed on the work the Saltus Medal of Merit, an event which plainly demonstrated that the National Academicians are not so blind to a new talent as report credits them with being, nor so opposed to it.

The picture, which had something more than a *succes d'estime*, was by Malcolm Parcell, a Pennsylvania artist then twenty-three years old, unknown to the metropolitan art world. His "Louine" was remarkable for the sturdy sim-

Pennsylvania artist who won Saltus medal with first National Academy picture is developing a personal talent

William B. M'GORMICK

plicity of its design, its resonant color, and, most of all, for the element of mysterious fascination in the character of the graceful young woman. This figure arrested and held the atten-

tion of the spectator through the prideful pose of the body and head, the glance of the half-closed eyes, and the sense of delicate aloofness which pervaded the whole composition. The work was so personal, so lacking in reminiscences of any other painter, that discriminating art lovers remembered it with keen delight and kept an expectant eye open for anything new from Mr. Parcell's brush.

Although he had two pictures in the Carnegie Institute show of 1920, New York saw nothing

"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL"

BY MALCOLM PARCELL





"AN EPISODE"

BY MALCOLM PARCELL

more of this artist's work, save some pencil sketches reproduced in a magazine in 1920 and 1921, till May of the year 1922 when the Macbeth Galleries gave an exhibition of eight of Mr. Parcell's paintings. Then it was made clear that the talent displayed in his National Academy picture of three years before was no chance quality, but something very genuine. And it had been developed in its romantic and realistic qualities to a degree that again moved profoundly those who saw the work. In color, in painting, in grace, in fantasy and in realism, here were eight pictures which stood out in the art year as stimuli to wonder and delight.

To those who knew this painter only through his Saltus Medal winner there was but one of these canvases resembling the "Louine." This was the "Portrait of a Girl," more resonant in color, less aloof from the world, a long step forward toward that sound realism which is this painter's most impressive equipment. His

work falls into three classes: realism, as expressed in his portraits and scenes of Washington village life; romanticism, as seen in his nymphs, satyrs and poetical figure groups; and essays toward a style of the exquisite which remind one faintly of Dewing's gracious ladies although Mr. Parcell's dainty figures are of very knowing young dancers of the contemporary stage.

In this young painter's artistic nature there is a strong strain of the poetic which, oddly enough, is most apparent in his realistic canvases. It is not necessary to stress this point as to his portraits, and his true poetry is also found in so simple a theme as the "Old Mill," a portrait, in its way, a statement of facts, yet touched with this personal quality; and in "The Villagers," two men stopping

for a moment in a snowy road in the falling snow with the village houses rising on a hillside behind them, their lights gleaming through the murk of snow and oncoming night. These two figures

"THE CHURCHYARD"

BY MALCOLM PARCELL





"PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER"

BY MALCOLM PARCELL

appear again in the winter evening scene of "The Churchyard," the sombre light and atmosphere of which is relieved by a brilliant band of clear sky along the distant horizon, a composition profoundly moving by its realism and its poetry.

In any consideration of Mr. Parcell's paintings and illustrations it is interesting to know the simple story of his life. He was born in Washington, Pennsylvania, twenty-six years ago, the son of a clergyman. From his nineteenth to twenty-fourth year he held a clerical position, studying in what time he could spare from his work in the School

of Applied Design at the Carnegie Institute. Once, I am told, he came to New York with a

"PORTRAIT OF HELEN GALLAGHER" BY MALCOLM PARCELL



few of his pictures and sketches and sought out the late J. Alden Weir to ask advice as to whether he should come to New York to study. Mr. Weir looked at the work, with his customary kindly interest toward young artists, and advised Mr. Parcell to go back to Washington. "New York has nothing for you," he said. And so the young painter and illustrator returned to his home, where in an attic studio in his father's house he works with his brother who is an illustrator.

With this unrelieved record as a background one may look with particular interest at the painting called "An Episode." In its luminous color scheme, the grave perfection of the painting, this canvas recalls the best work of the French school.

Dancer" and "The Tease," is that of a very practical worldliness which makes an almost ugly contrast to their virginal forms.

The romantic pictures which Mr. Parcell has painted, together with two decorations for Swin-



"THE DANCER"

BY MALCOLM PARCELL

The tones are resonant, their relations notable for verity. The earth, the church, the stones and crucifix in the bare little cemetery are immutable, his smoky clouds float against the clear sky. But the interest in this canvas centres in the departure from the funeral of the four nuns while the workers in the field stop their labors to glance at the black-habited figures and the hearse on the crest of the hillside. Death and life are typified here, a theme as old as art itself yet seen with a new vision, a rich beauty of form and color. An older artist, a man who had traveled much and suffered much in life, might have conceived such a work without causing remark except over its beauty. But for so young a man to do it tells plainly of the marked poetic strain in his talent.

The figures of dancing girls which Mr. Parcell paints and sketches would verge on the merely pretty if they were not redeemed by his very real concern with fact. And the underlying character of "The Dancer" (shown in his first exhibition), as in the representation of the same exquisite lithe young woman "making up" before a mirror, and in his two illustrations called "The Little

burne's *Atalanta*, have the same quality of marked individuality that runs through all his work. Three of these were shown in his exhibition—"Pipes and Pan," "Spring," and "Moonlight Revery," other works in this vein being the "Nymph and Satyr" and "Spring Fantasy." Here his work falls into two patterns; voluptuous figures among great trees, pagan abandon amidst the roots of ancient forest growths (these would be like Boecklin, if that Swiss romanticist had cared more for the facts of nature), and more purely decorative compositions in which his always exquisite female figures stand in landscapes that are touched with the only unreality in his work.

That this young painter has marked talent is evident. His future will be watched with interest to note whether he cultivates realism in his portraits of people and places or develops his romantic viewpoint. In the first aspect he has already made so profound an impression, displayed so distinguished an individuality, that it is to be hoped he will not be led away from the path by the allure of romanticism.

Photographs by courtesy of the Macbeth Gallery

BROWNSTONES REMODELED

THE CREATION of an upper-air metropolis of great altitude under distressing limitations of time or space is no mean achievement. Gigantic planes and angles are trans-

formed into a supernatural city by the fall of night and the witchery of the electric bulb; and yet, so commonplace are the marvels of the New York skyscraper to the average observer, that one feels an apology is due the reader for dilating on the subject. The primary motive is to recall attention to the skill and incredible daring of the builders and secondly to direct a side glance at what seems to be a phenomenon in the building world. Why have architects and builders, who have founded such an amazing new epoch in commercial architecture, been so long indifferent to the domestic side of city architecture? The question has doubtless occurred to many and with particular emphasis to the stranger within the gates. It is possible that intensive and continual study of vast building projects has dulled the architectural mind to the importance of the relatively minute four story and basement. In all probability the observers of civic life will agree that the downfall of the brownstone in all its cheerless monotony has been too long delayed.

The apartment house, which personifies architecture by the cubic foot, can scarcely be included within the domain of this article, for while it is representative of a type, and a very important one of Manhattan's great mesas, it is remote indeed from one's ideal of a home.

If one accepts the

Greater attention to domestic architecture brings beauty to streets made ugly by solid rows of brownstone fronts

GEORGE H. SHOREY

premises that the average office building is the progeny of the engineer's brain directing some forty different trade services and that the architect is responsible for the surface adornment only,

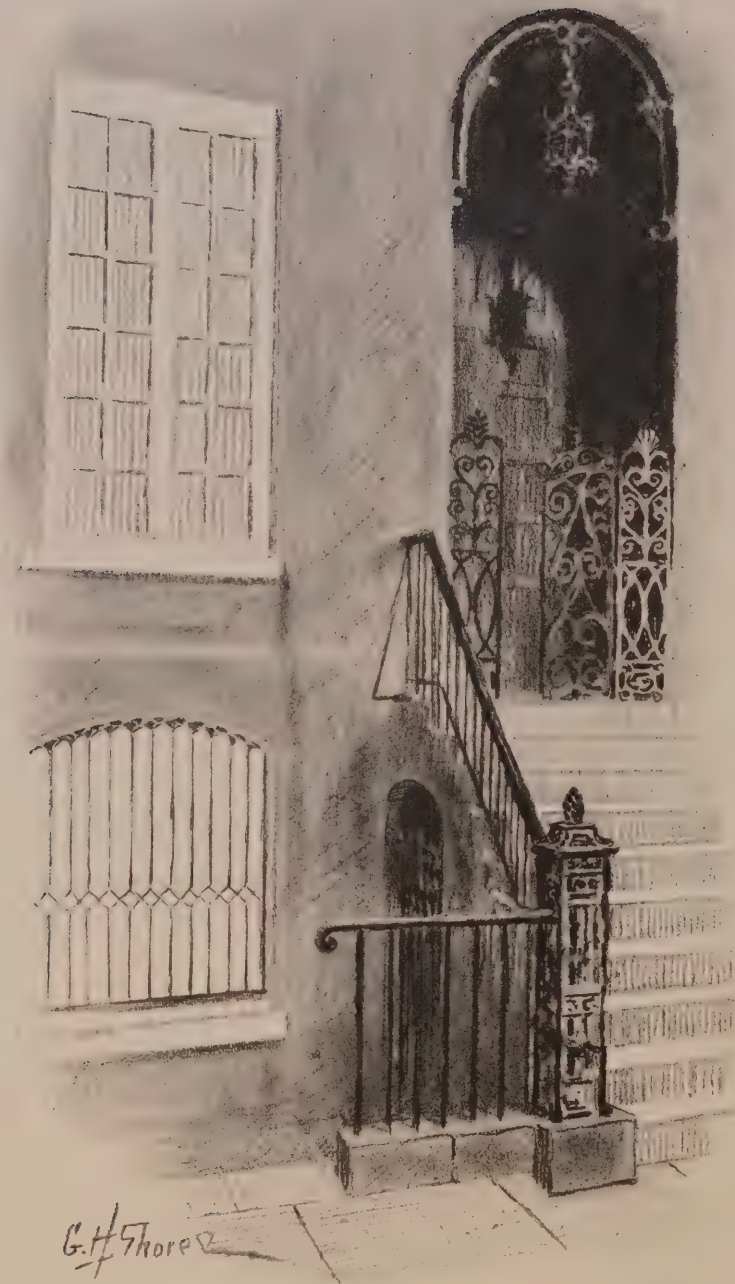
it would seem, to the layman, that the latter has not sufficiently exercised his talent to the betterment of domestic housing. From the fact that the new movement in urban domestic housing has not advanced with the celerity of things American, the conclusion may be drawn that the transformation of the brownstone has not been commercially profitable. Miles of the houses still wall the streets of Manhattan. Myriads of corpulent balusters still sentinel uncounted front stoops. Legions of black walnut doors open into entrance halls as repellant as the interiors of so many mausoleums. Greek pediments by the thousands still sit heavily on the tops of assorted pillars and mongrel orna-

ments provoke bodily assault with sledge and crowbar to the end that these examples of the Early Brutal Order of Architecture shall vanish into the oblivion of second-hand building materials.

It should be understood that the architect had little to do with the creation of the brownstone. Their wholesale erection was in the nature of an epidemic, the result of a natural adolescence in the city's too rapid growth. One naturally frames the question, why did the home buyer of that epoch submit to such architectural indignities? Largely for the reason that his own taste was undeveloped. The country was dead, artistically. European travel with its broad-

THE LUGUBRIOUS BROWNSTONE HOUSES OF NEW YORK ARE BEING REDRESSED IN BRIGHTER TONES





AN IRON LANTERN CREATES ITS REPLICA IN SHADOW ON AN ORANGE DOOR

From a drawing by the author

ening influence was not general. It was at a time when the mighty stew of the Civil War was still simmering and a focus of universal attention. However, one's hysteria over the situation is bound to abate by the knowledge that the downfall of the brownstone dynasty is assured; that regeneration is a fact; that assaults with crowbar and sledge are actually and daily taking place and that the ground once encumbered by many of the brownstones is now occupied by gay Bohemians of brick and sparkling stucco.

Someone of phrase-making turn of mind once

defined true Bohemianism as the art of refined informality—a clever definition of the ancient feud between a dead convention and the right sort of freedom.

The same definition applied to the present condition of domestic architecture in New York City will picture the mild conflict constantly progressing between the congealed and terrifying respectability of the brownstone and the coquetry, if you please, of lighter-toned building materials. It is a sluggish imagination that can not be captivated by pink and scarlet geraniums against grey stucco, or solid green shutters against a background of red brick, with well-watered window boxes ambuscading small-paned windows; not to speak of the appeal of wrought iron and other alluring entities of the newer home building. "Let everything be hand-wrought," seems to be the creed. The machine-made is abhorred. The artist-artisan is coming into his rightful inheritance and his personal touch is transforming the most obdurate of materials, with the natural result that art, beauty and sentiment, applied to home building, are making their appeal a real force in the awakening of the long indifferent.

The outstanding features of design in the new houses are dominant individuality and bold originality—as enthralling as gypsy music with all of the charm, and perhaps some of the

inconsistencies, of vigorous youth, but the worst that can be said of the new movement is much better than the best that can be said of the brownstone.

Although one's pleasure in exploration is enjoyed in proportion to the extent of personal discovery, it may not be taken amiss if a hint be given the explorer to walk north from Fifty-ninth street on Lexington or Third avenues, where the most casual glance will reveal many examples of "refined informality" grafted into the brownstone wall. Naturally a summary of all the charms of



A GROUP OF REBUILT HOUSES ON SIXTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY

From a drawing by the author

the bohemians of architecture is not possible, but to slight a composition in wrought iron work to be found on Sixty-second street would be troublesome to an art conscience. The front of the building, simple to austerity, acts as a foil to a joyous

riot of wrought iron scrolls lavished on a gate and its two supports. The high doorway to which the gate gives entrance projects a shadow of great intensity—a perfect background for the exquisite details of the gate. An iron lantern creates its



THE EXCELLENT USE OF WROUGHT IRON IN THESE REBUILT HOUSES IS INTERESTING

own enchanting replica in shadow on an orange-colored door.

Third Avenue at almost any part of its long stretch seems to be engaged in a perpetual rummage sale, so varied are its shops and so endless its bustle, and yet, strangely close to its plebian and noise-infested area on Sixty-third street are two groups each of some ten houses. They stand on opposite sides of the street and appear to be in a state of good-natured argument as to their respective charms. The group on the north side of the street seems to devote much attention to a gay eloquence of roof line. From the urns on the parapet of one house to the great overhang of a third, down to the very end of the series is a succession of stepping-stones of interest. Mysterious casement windows slowly reveal themselves and workers in colored cements have revived their

ancient art to give the right touches of piquancy here and there. Even the prosaic water leaders have been used to add their long stretches to the general decorative scheme. Who can resist the charm of stucco and brickwork in one of these dwellings? The bricks are streaked like a ripe pomegranate and the stucco is cloaked in its own natural grey. Combine these allurements with leaded windows, the whole properly softened by the consummate touch of the weather, and a work of art stands forth. In every case the weather has evidently been used as an ally where its vagaries can be trusted to carry out color schemes. Much attention has been devoted to colonnades and wrought iron—well thought out devices to break the angle between the upright of the building and the horizontal of the street. Like miniature moats the area-ways guard the basement windows, barred by products of the forge and anvil against the midnight prowler, who changes not with the ages.

Across the way the houses present a different attitude. There is the same fluency of expression in roof-lines but a different interest in the houses themselves, brought about by the use of varied weights of materials with here and there an innovation in the shape of bas-reliefs keyed into position over deepset doorways. Charm is here amid brick and stone and cunningly devised projections to cast magic shadows and with motifs derived from many sources.

The wrought iron work used in this missionary effort to pique the interest is not always finished by blackening or polishing. Through the agency of the weather it forms its own patina of rust or greyness to harmonize with its surroundings. Most of the iron work reflects the uncanny skill of the artisan who is not compelled to follow a false standard of excellence personified in the cold

accuracy of the machine-made. Such craftsmen perpetuate the naïve charm of the primitive by giving their straight and curved lines a slight "wobble," purposely loosening the lines, conveying the spirit rather than the letter of the laws of beauty.

Sometimes this higher law of artistry, imperfectly comprehended, results in strange conceptions. In a side street near the one figuratively explored stands a new house in which the elusive "wobble" has been used to such an extent that the sense of stability is lost. In this same street are several other examples of misapplied "looseness" with the dogma of hand work carried out with religious fervor, even fanaticism. The effect is novel if that is the objective but one experiences a sense of instability, even a feeling of humor. However, shadows seem everywhere well understood; certainly they are the main theme of one dwelling, where deeply set doorways invite the pressure of a thumb to the push-button with a view of ascertaining whether or not the mystery of deep shadows is of the exterior only. In truth the interior is exotic, so filled is it with hand-wrought objects from the best craftsmen. Gay little gardens seen through the deeply shadowed doorways charm by the display of tiny fountains, walks of brick or irregular flag stones, arbors and bird-houses—all so diminutive and yet limitless for the imagination.

As an inspirer of interest, sustained from the top of the tallest chimney pot to the sidewalk, there is a rare example on Sixty-sixth street; a building of stucco and brick which serves as an architect's studio and residence. As a purveyor of pleasant lines and details it deserves our gratitude. Of old English motif, it presents a sequence of forms and novel arrangement of window spacing and ornamentation that will delight the "collector" of houses. Part of the stucco surface of



AN ANCIENT LANTERN, BAS-RELIEF, MOLDED LEADER, CARVED AND PANELED DOOR
MAKE A SIMPLE COMPOSITION OF GREAT CHARM

the house is covered with a riot of arabesques, descendants of a style of ornament that flourished in England under the patronage of Henry the Eighth. Leaded windows add to its charm and the weather is at work properly streaking and softening the surface of things. Under an ancient lantern of extreme simplicity is an entrance guarded by a door that deserves a page of description, so wonderfully carved are its twelve panels, so enthralling the artistry and so satisfying in execution. It was my privilege to have a glimpse of the interior. When the carved door closed at my heels, I passed through low Gothic arches down a flight of stone steps and from there stepped into a room. Time stopped—nay it reversed itself some three or four centuries. The atmosphere of the room was almost hypnotic. Each object was in its proper place; not one too many or too studied its arrangement. Lack of



GAY LITTLE GARDENS, SEEN THROUGH DEEPLY SHADOWED DOORWAYS CHARM BY THE DISPLAY OF TINY FOUNTAINS, WALKS OF BRICK OR IRREGULAR FLAG STONES, ARBORS AND BIRD HOUSES

space forbids adequate description but it was an appreciable shock to return to the street with its hot-headed scramble barking the shins of one's meditations.

The fairy stories of Hans Christian Anderson inevitably drift into the mind, if a high-gabled house on Sixty-sixth street near Lexington avenue be included in one's itinerary. The house is of stucco with exceedingly charming friezes in high relief. Deep casement windows provide an entrance for inquisitive minds and the fact that all fairies love the forest glades is symbolized by groups of evergreens at the entrance. A house in grey stucco with a blue door wonderfully weathered makes its appeal to the lover of delicate harmonies and not far down the street one may see the joyous vigor of wistaria climbing to a high balcony of exquisite iron-work where purple pendants have been hung. Large white shutters are exactly the

right background for the display. Medieval Europe with its dim perspective of romance is reincarnated in one modest dwelling of Gothic design, whose diamond-paned windows, deep-set in masonry, pique the interest and imagination.

Where the examples of "refined informality" are so numerous and their details so compelling of interest, lack of space compels a mere skimming of the surface but the explorer who takes the time for more careful study of these Bohemians of the building world will at once notice the influence of foreign ancestry in their details and general structure. The question will probably arise in his mind of how far this filtration of European ideas, incorporated with American requirements of heat, light, sanitation, etc., will influence future builders to evolve a distinctive and American type of urban domestic architecture. Not for several generations will an answer to this question be available.

Thomas Moran, Dean of Our Painters

IN HIS studio home at Santa Barbara, California, Thomas Moran, dean of American painters, and one of the best beloved artists of our time, is now in his eighty-eighth year, as

keenly alive to the beauties of nature as when, more than half a century ago, he started on his art career in an obscure studio in Philadelphia. It was in these same scant quarters, years later, that was formed the famous "Bohemian Council," composed of such men as Joe Jefferson, Couldock, Louis James and a group of painters whose brilliant witticisms afterward became proverbial. Today, although time has left its imprint upon the countenance of the famous American artist, and his long, white beard lends to his appearance a patriarchal aspect, his mind is as alert, his sympathies as broad, his humor as whimsical and his love of art as keen as when, early in his career, he was crowned with the laurel wreath placed upon his head by the English critic, John Ruskin. The latter not only singled out a print by Moran

Oldest of American artists, Moran works now with the same enthusiasm as he did fifty years ago

Harriet Sisson Gillespie

from a collection of etchings shown in London as being the best that had come out of America, but he also declared it to be one of the best that modern art could produce.

Despite the fact that Mr. Moran has spent the past eight years in California as a concession to the rigors of winter on the eastern end of Long Island, he returns each autumn to spend a few months in his old haunts. Two spots on earth most completely satisfy Mr. Moran. One is the Grand Cañon, and the other is Easthampton, Long Island, where in the serene atmosphere of this quaint village with its windmills and seaswept coast, he basks in the beauty of long-familiar scenes and again enjoys the companionship of old friends. To those who know him well he is still affectionately called "Tom" Moran, but to those who are only familiar with his works as hung on the walls of picture galleries he is the National Academician who, in common with Bierstadt, has done justice to the elusive beauty

THOMAS MORAN IN 1871 (LEFT) AND A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN 1922

Photo by H. R. Butler





"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME"

BY THOMAS MORAN (1859)

and wild grandeur of the American Rockies in the romantic-realistic manner.

No life history is more replete with romance than that of Thomas Moran, one of that famous quartette, descendants of English weavers, who came to this country from a factory town of Lancashire, England. From them have sprung sixteen men and women whose names and work used to be conspicuous and popular as marine, landscape, portrait and genre painters, etchers

and magazine illustrators. So especially well known did twelve of the Morans become that they were commonly known as the "Twelve Apostles." Mary Nimmo, wife of Thomas Moran, was known as one of the leading etchers of the country, a talent developed by her husband.

While the work of Thomas Moran has made his name the most conspicuous perhaps, it was Edward, the eldest of fourteen children, to whom the achievement of bringing the family to this

country and starting them on their art careers is largely due. Curiously enough, while the Morans had for generations been weavers in the English factory town, the entire trend of thought and action of the generation to which Thomas and Edward belonged was suddenly turned in the direction of art, a profession they pursued to such a successful end that the name of Moran was one to conjure with a quarter of a century ago. The incident that wrought the change was none other than the appearance in the Lancashire town of an itinerant artist, who presumably deco-

"A MEXICAN FESTIVAL"

BY THOMAS MORAN (MIDDLE PERIOD)





"THE TETON RANGE, IDAHO"

ENGRAVING BY THOMAS MORAN (1899)

rated the walls of the cottages in a crude sort of fashion in exchange for his bed and board. However immature and rudimentary his efforts, they were sufficiently compelling to arouse in Edward a love of art and as a result a short while later he set out for the United States to seek his fortune. His worldly belongings, in proverbial fashion, were tied up in a bandanna handkerchief.

Landing in Maryland, he found little or no opportunity of pursuing his adopted profession and he journeyed to Philadelphia. Nor was the City of Brotherly Love more generous in providing means of making a living and he was forced to turn his attention to cabinet making, even house painting, and finally obliged to return to his old occupation of repairing looms to earn enough to live. One day, however, James Hamilton, an artist, came to Edward Moran with a small commission for the aspiring lad and he began to realize his long cherished dream, studying under Hamilton. He was soon able to send for his

three brothers and he established them in very modest quarters.

Displaying his taste for art at an early age, Thomas was apprenticed to a wood-engraver with whom he remained for two years. He took up water-color, being self-trained in the use of that medium, and in 1860 began painting in

"THE GRAND CAÑON OF ARIZONA"

BY THOMAS MORAN (1913)





"MOUNT MORAN, IDAHO"

BY THOMAS MORAN (1903)

oil. In 1862 he went to England and in 1866 he went to the Continent and studied the art of France and Italy. He found himself, however, five years later when he made his first journey to the Far West with the government exploring expedition to the Yellowstone country, making a second expedition in 1873. It was on these trips that he made his sketches for his two great canvases which are in the Capitol at Washington, "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone" and "The Chasm of the Colorado." These experiences proved to be the events in his life fixing his career for many years during which he painted many pictures in the vein of which those two are acknowledged to be the masterpieces. But Mr. Moran has also painted the sea and such pastoral scenes as are associated with his Long Island domicile.

An absorbing interest in and love for what he is painting is, according to his daughter, Ruth B. Moran, who lives with her father, the secret of his success. He is for the time completely submerged in his work so that his whole personality is dominated by it. "Father is not introspective," says Miss Moran, "nor

self-centered. In fact so little does he think of himself that he has never kept a diary or any record whatever of his most interesting life. Indeed, he has only a very imperfect record of his pictures. He is only interested in the conception of a subject and the execution of the work. Once finished, and left the studio, he never follows the fortunes of his brain child on its journey through the world. My father is as simple and direct in thought and action as a child. He is absolutely without conceit. This is accounted for by the fact he believes everyone should do all he can in the world without looking for reward. The personal equation, in his opinion, counts for very little. It is sincerity of purpose, love of work plus the knowledge gained by application that counts. In other words, it is honesty of purpose and belief in one's ideals that really matters. To feel pride in accomplishment is futile since one always falls short of perfection.

"Until last winter my father never lost a day but a serious illness from which he is now recovering kept him from work for some time. He is now once more at his easel working four hours a day and enjoying it. He is as keen to note the changing lights and shadows that

"WOODLAND PARK

BY THOMAS MORAN (1913)





"VENICE"

(National Academy of Design, 1922)

BY THOMAS MORAN (1921)

drift over the mountains as ever and never tires of the dreamy beauty of the Channel Islands seen from his studio window, with the eucalyptus trees, the live oaks and the brown hills in summer that turn to green with the first of the rains. These

are the subjects he is just now putting on canvas. Only last year he journeyed again to the Yosemite Valley, coming home full of enthusiasm from the beauty of the Yosemite Falls of which he painted a thirty by forty canvas with great success. He is

"THE DREAM CITY"

BY THOMAS MORAN (1919)



now at work on a smaller one of the Bridal Veil Falls. He is as much impressed by beauty as in his younger days. His mind never grows stale or he never loses interest but concentrates on his work with as much singleness of purpose and concentration as in his youth.

"Moran," as his daughter naïvely refers to him, "has no interest whatever in the fads of the

Santa Barbara Mission, but he has filled it with sketches and etchings brought from his Easthampton home and he seems to feel as much at home in his small quarters as in the forty-foot studio on Long Island. On the walls hang Howard Butler's portrait of him painted last autumn which was shown in the Academy at the same time Mr. Moran latest painting "Venice" was



THOMAS MORAN'S STUDIO IN SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

day as they affect art. He doesn't believe such things will live or leave behind any lasting impression. Ugliness and poor drawing for the sake of novelty does not, to him, spell art. The sporadic flash of such things won't last, but composition, design, beauty of technique and the transformation of the crudities of nature by the alchemy of the artist's ideals to form a picture—this is the thing that holds him."

Mr. Moran's studio in his bungalow home in Anacapa Street, Santa Barbara, is the mecca for artists as it was in Easthampton, and the art colony now developing there includes such artists as Howard Russell Butler, Fernand Lungren, Carl Oscar Borg, Lockwood de Forest, Dewitt Parshall, to name a few of the better known men. The art movement there has been very sanely fostered and Mr. Moran takes a deep interest in it, and the men drop into the studio and he follows what is being done with keen delight. His studio is a rather small room in the bungalow which is located only a few blocks away from the old

shown. Leaning against the wall of the studio is a large canvas, one of Mr. Moran's best, "The Rock Towers of Colorado," which he painted in 1875 soon after seeing the Grand Cañon. His daughter has kept this canvas for herself as well as an imaginative work, all blue and grey, painted in Santa Barbara in 1919, suggested by the dream-like islands of the Channel.

If Mr. Moran's health had permitted he would have gone last spring to Bryce Cañon, Utah, at the invitation of Stephen Tyng Mather, director of the National Park Service, who was exceedingly anxious he should take the trip to this newest of our national parks to paint it. A month ago Mr. Moran made a short trip to the Grand Cañon of Arizona and they are now urging him to come again to the Yellowstone country. But for his annual trip to Easthampton, Mr. Moran is quite content to stay in his California studio. To work and create is his absorbing passion. To have high ideals and to approximate them as closely as human ability allows is his noblest aim.

FURNITURE of Historic TYPES

VII. The So-Called Anglo-Dutch Period

ALTHOUGH it has been the custom to class the furniture designed during the reigns of the Dutchman, William of Orange, and his Stuart Queen, Mary, and of their successors, Queen Anne and George I under the one heading of Anglo-Dutch, this classification is inaccurate, at least as far as the early part of the William and Mary period is concerned. That period would be more correctly labeled Anglo-French for it was introduced into England by a Frenchman who only happened to be residing temporarily in Holland at about the time that William of Orange was contemplating the possibility of his succession to the throne of James II. One of the leading cabinet-makers of the luxurious court of Louis XIV was Daniel Marot. This man was a Huguenot but under the terms of the Edict of Nantes, promulgated in 1598 by Henry IV, he had lived and worked in peace and comfort and had even become a favorite craftsman of the Catholic king. But in 1685, under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and not only was the exercise of any but the Catholic religion prohibited but it was also forbidden to the Huguenots to leave France, thereby obliging them to become converted. But despite the anti-emigration order no less than 50,000 families escaped into foreign countries, many of them into Holland. And so Daniel Marot, the father of the "pedestal leg" in Northern Europe, came under the notice of William of Orange who, when he was called to the throne of Great Britain, took the Frenchman over with him in his train. And, curiously enough, the most characteristic furniture of the William and Mary style is not of

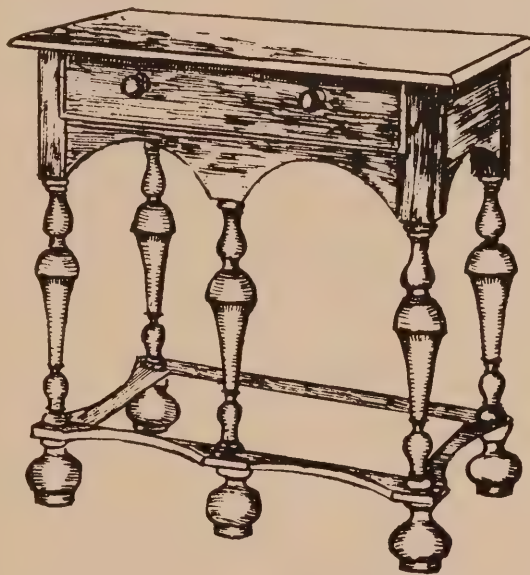
The influence of the Frenchman, Daniel Marot, was the chief feature of the William and Mary style
Major Arthur De BLES

the Dutch type but this modified Louis XIV style, introduced by the *Grand Monarque's* banished craftsman.

The so-called "inverted cup" leg is simply an adap-

tation of the square pedestal leg, offering one more example of the English fancy for curves and circles as opposed to the French affection for the classical rectilinear contours which is so noticeable even in

gothic structures where the French monastic architects retained the square abacus of the piers while the Englishmen made use of circular ones. The connection of the English inverted cup and the French pedestal legs can be seen clearly from a comparison between the early Louis XIV legs, illustrated in my last article, with the typical William and Mary supports of the pedestal table shown here. The inverted cup leg is the distinguishing feature *par excellence* of the William and Mary style, not in the sense



WILLIAM AND MARY TABLE. NOTE FLAT, SHAPED STRETCHER, DUTCH "BUN-FEET," "INVERTED CUP" TURNED LEGS AND APRON SHAPED IN FLAT ARCHES. THE LEG IN FRONT IS UNCOMMON, A CARVED NOB GENERALLY BEING SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE TWO ARCHES

that any furniture not possessing this feature must belong to another period, but because anything with it can only be William and Mary. Another typical detail of this style is the semi-circular "hood" or "double-hood" used chiefly for the pediment of *secretaires* and cabinets, the "cresting" of chair-backs and also found in the design of the stretcher and even in the aprons of tables and low-boys. This hood is derived from Italian Renaissance ornament, such as the design of the Dantesca—not the Savonarola—X-shaped chair, and the plain-center arches in Renaissance buildings. It is as distinctive a feature of the style as the leg previously described, and appeared everywhere, in subsidiary motives, as in the lacquered writing-cabinet and in the hall-clock

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WILLIAM AND MARY "LACQUERED" SECRETARY. NOTE THE REPETITION OF THE SEMI-CIRCULAR FORM OF THE HOOD

silhouetted, instead of being carved into handsome deep mouldings, a pair between each pair of legs; a bracket or ogee arch used in the same way, or sometimes, for the ornament was an earlier one, that Flemish "I" which we illustrated as an initial letter of the first article of this series. This ornament, which was so frequently employed in earlier Jacobean days, was of Flemish origin and represented the first letter of the name of Our Lord. But this ornament was only used when the legs were not of the straight pedestal type where, as in the accompanying illustration, it

was impossible to employ the usual "circumventing" stretcher of the style or with spiral-turned legs.

In regard to chairs of the style they are quite easily recognizable by the lines of the back, for below the cresting they almost always have either one or more independent spindles flanking the caned or carved or carved and pierced back-panel along its entire length; or the edges of the back itself, whether caned, carved or upholstered, are straight lines. There are exceptions, of course, to the most rigid of rules. But the earlier William and Mary chairs offer many pitfalls for the tyro

illustrated here. In the latter it appears as a contour ornament of each packet of floral decoration.

in styles, for the transition from the Restoration styles of Charles II and James II to that of

The manner in which the stretcher of William and Mary tables and highboys is attached is again characteristic. Instead of the separate side and front stretchers that had been the mode up to the last decade of the seventeenth century one continuous stretcher came into vogue lying flat and with its contour fashioned into one of several prevailing patterns. Besides the segmental contour connecting the front legs, running round the sides and becoming a plain unornamented plank at the back, we also find the pair of Flemish scrolls so popular in the earlier Stuart reigns but, unlike their predecessors, plain as though



WILLIAM AND MARY "SEAWEEED" MARQUETRY TABLE WITH THE FLEMISH "I" STRETCHER

Courtesy of Hampton & Company, Limited

their successors was a very gradual one, owing to the strong French influence exercised over furniture design in the reign of the "Merrie Monarch" by Louise de Querouailles, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, repeated in the reign of the quiet Dutch *Stadbouder* as we have already explained by the more respectable influence of Daniel Marot. So it comes about that we find some of the cleverest experts calling such chairs as the one reproduced here in pen and ink, William and Mary which, though it may be technically correct, is nevertheless misleading. Technically correct in that they possess such distinctive features as the spindle uprights and also the general feeling of the period. But at the same time they bear characteristics of the late Restoration such as the richly carved front stretcher with its typical basket of fruits and flowers repeated in the cresting which is one of the most important of Stuart marks. But one point will always help in determining the date of a transition chair such as this one, for it is constant: that is the size of the mesh of the caning. In the chairs of Charles I, the cane itself is very coarse in quality, and plaited into a big mesh; in that of Charles II and of James, the mesh becomes somewhat finer, though the coarse material is still used, while in the time of William III the cane itself was very much better in quality both in color and texture and the mesh was much closer. The backs of the fine chairs of the best quality were, however, not caned, but very richly, and in many cases, very beautifully carved.

It was during the reign of the Usurper, as the Stuart adherents called the Dutchman, that that

quently, ornamental bail handles and pierced key-hole plates are also typical of this first part of the Anglo-Dutch period.

In the matter of decoration marquetry took the place of the old-fashioned inlay and some

popular piece of furniture the highboy made its appearance. Here again, the foreign influence, principally French, made itself felt, this time in the very name of the piece. It is derived from the French words *baut* (high) and *bois* (wood). But the word *bois* has been employed for centuries in the sense of "furniture" (*mettre dans ses bois*, meaning install someone in a house with his or her own furniture) and so with the English word "high" restored to use, the name highboy came into existence. The name, like that of the smaller piece the lowboy, is proper to this country for it is never used in England that I am aware and it would be interesting to trace the origin of so distinctive a French term used in this country in early Colonial days.

William and Mary highboys differ from those of the Queen Anne style by being of rectilinear contour with a square top whereas those of the later reign invariably had either a broken pediment or a swan-neck or a broken-arch pediment. The William and Mary pieces are simply a number of plain drawers on a typical stand of the style having generally four legs in front and two at the back, all joined by the one flat stretcher in one of the patterns already described here. And to the best of my recollection they always have straight legs. Drop-handles, in the husk pattern (which is a conventionalization of the *garrya elliptica* flower) or pear-shaped or, though less fre-



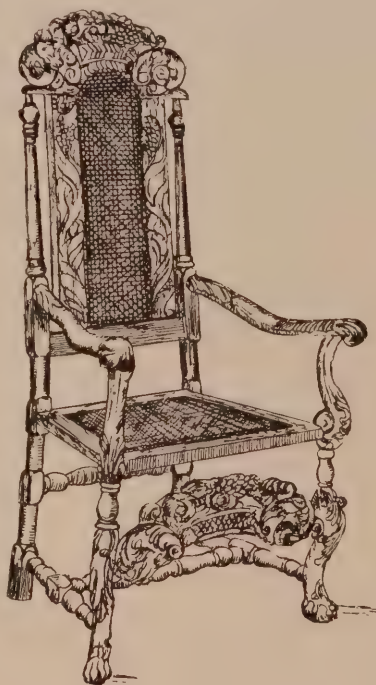
WILLIAM AND MARY HALL CLOCK WITH THE
CONVENTIONALIZED ADAPTATION OF DUTCH
FLORAL DESIGN

Courtesy of Kirkman & Hall



FINELY CARVED WILLIAM AND MARY CHAIR WITH THE ANGLICIZED PEDESTAL LEG AND LOUIS XIV STRETCHER

remarkable effects were obtained through the almost incredible skill of some of the Dutch workers in cutting and fitting the finest scroll patterns in so fragile a material. It is a very common error to label marquetry as inlay, and vice versa, whereas there is a fundamental difference between them. Inlay refers to the setting of some foreign substance into holes cut to receive it in the body itself of the piece to be so decorated. We saw in previous articles how the artists in inlay in Italy, France and in England, during the Elizabethan and early Jacobean reigns, used everything from ivory and mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell and metals, in the Continental countries, to bog-oak and holly in England. And in the later Stuart reigns, inlay of bone and ivory and ebony became quite popular in



CARVED WALNUT CHAIR, TRANSITION, CIRCA 1686-7. THE CRESTING AND THE FRONT STRETCHER ARE CAROLEAN (RESTORATION) BUT THE SPINDLE UPRIGHTS ARE MORE IN THE FEELING OF THE WILLIAM AND MARY PERIOD

Courtesy of Dawson



WILLIAM AND MARY CHEST OF DRAWERS WITH FLORAL MOTIVES STILL MORE CONVENTIONALIZED THAN THOSE OF THE HALL CLOCK

Courtesy of Gill & Reigate

England also for the decoration of cupboard panels already made less uninteresting by the use of Flemish mouldings in innumerable combinations. But marquetry instead of being imbedded deep in the body of the panel is simply inlay of thin veneer materials into the main veneer of the piece of furniture. It is always of wood, never of metals or stones or other inlay favorites. And it follows from what I have just set down that the inlay material was only of the same thickness as the veneer into which it was fitted.

Veneering itself was a new art, so far as England was concerned, although it is as old as the first buildings and is stated to have been employed in the Temple of Solomon, though that idea may have sprung from the phrase, "And he covered the walls on the inside with wood, and covered the floor of the house with planks of fir." It consisted of covering the surface

of a comparatively common wood with a thin skin of some other of semi-precious quality in order that while cutting the body of the piece with the grain to give it the necessary strength, the visible surface could be given over to the beauty of the grains of the veneer woods, cut most frequently across them, as in the case of burr-walnut and the beautiful oyster walnut so much in favor during the Anglo-Dutch period. In those days, when the veneer had to be cut by hand, it was made from a sixteenth to an eighth of an inch thick whereas now that it is prepared by machinery it is rarely more than a thirty-second of an inch thick and frequently less than a sixtieth. This is a precious indication for the detection of fake pieces. It is also one of the reasons why modern veneer holds better than the old hand-cut material for glue will hold a thin sheet of anything better than a thick one. Fine effects of veneering were obtained, particularly in France, by juxtaposing different colored woods or arranging the grains so that they made patterns, usually of a rectilinear order. This is called "parquetting," and was very popular in France at the end of the eighteenth century in the last years of Louis XV's reign and throughout that of his successor.

Marquetry came to England from Holland but before the elevation of the Prince of Orange to the throne of his wife's family. It was introduced somewhere between 1675 and 1680, and is again an excellent indicator of the date of a piece of marquetted furniture for the designs employed were each characteristic of certain periods. The word "marquetry," an anglicization of *marqueterie*, is derived from the French word *marqueter*, to variegate, and thus to



SLANT FRONT DESK WITH ELABORATE SEAWEED "MARQUETRY"

QUEEN ANNE ARM CHAIR WITH "H" STRETCHER WHICH
DISAPPEARED EARLY IN THE REIGN

Courtesy of Gill & Reigate



the flower-loving Dutchmen this variegation took a floral form. The earliest Dutch designs were

naturalistic flower patterns, flowers in loosely-constructed bunches as in the hall clock on page 363. On reaching England, however, at a time when even the growing of flowers and the laying-out of gardens was accomplished in a formal manner the naturalistic floral designs of the Dutch without losing their freshness were mingled with conventional scrolls at the bases of the bunches giving a more or less bi-lateral effect to the marquetry panel. Then a brilliant scroll work of conventionalized foliage came to be employed and soon became so fine in pattern and workmanship that it was known as "seaweed marquetry." Finally, towards the end of Queen Anne's reign,



QUEEN ANNE NEEDLEWORK SETTEE WITH "COLLARED" AND UNDERCUT LEGS
ARMS TYPICAL OF THE BEST STYLE

Courtesy of the Hayden Company

the sea-weed motives degenerated into complicated arabesques such as decorate the Dutch chest of drawers illustrated in my last article; and marquetry following the example of all other arts that die out under the influence of too great a facility of technique gave place to a new "fad," that of lacquered furniture either properly so or japanned which was nothing more than an attempt to produce the effect of Japanese lacquer with a varnish that had no connection with the true lacquer-varnish tree (*Rhus vernicifera*).

Most of the so-called lacquer-work of the late William and Mary and the Queen Anne periods is simply japanning, as will be seen from its surface, which is coarse and thin-looking whereas Japanese lacquer is

highly polished, of very fine texture, and unctuous in quality of surface. In 1685 a certain John Stalker published a remarkable work on japanning and varnishing, "being a compleat discovery of those arts." He explained in the most approved correspondence school manner how he could teach the art to young ladies in twenty-four hours. But if he could he probably omitted to state that the great Japanese artists in lacquer, the Kajikawas, the Korins, the Ritsuos, used to let their ground-coats of varnish dry from five hundred to six hundred hours, before they attempted to put on the dozens of "quality coats" and the decoration. So it will be easily understood why old English lacquered furniture has not the true lacquer quality but that the finish is simply a

colored and decorated varnish.

In 1702 William III died and Queen Anne ascended the throne of England and ruled until

1714. Anne was a daughter of James II, by his second wife, Anne Hyde, and inherited all her mother's simplicity of life and thought. Now the lackadaisical, easy-going character of this daughter of a profligate and bigoted monarch was reflected in the household furnishings of the period which were as colorless as the queen herself. The plainest Dutch walnut furniture, generally without any ornamentation at all or, at the most, a convex cockle-shell on the knees of the club-footed cabriole legs, and with a splat back as simple as the remainder of the frame, flanked by a

RARE AMERICAN ROUNDABOUT OR CORNER CHAIR WITH
CHARACTERISTIC LEGS

Courtesy of Mrs. Ebrich's Gallery



hooded *cyma* curve on each side. Many dealers call chairs Queen Anne which show a certain amount of ornamentation, such as lacquered backs and legs, the latter terminating in a doe's foot (*pied de biche*). But such pieces are not in the style of Queen Anne proper. They belong to that period of Early Georgian styles, known as the "Decorated Queen Anne," which did not come into being until 1714, the year of the queen's death. Queen Anne splat-backs are *never* pierced whereas the Decorated Queen Anne backs are very rarely unpierced and have frequently a small oval surrounded by a sort of setting as though a carbuncle had been placed in it and then removed. Nor is the ball-and-clawfoot a characteristic detail of the Queen Anne style, as is so commonly believed. It is *never* found in true Queen Anne pieces, but belonged to the "Decorated Queen Anne" style, coming in about 1715. The drop

handles of the William and Mary style gave way to bail handles on a wide plate in the form of a conventional spread-eagle, derived from the coat-of-arms of the Italian princely house of Este, to which belonged the step-mother of Queen Anne. We sometimes, though rarely, find this conventional eagle on William and Mary pieces but they properly belong to the reign of the last of the Stuarts. In the following style, the Decorated Queen Anne, we find no longer the conventional spread-eagle, but the bird itself in its natural form, with its head used in numerous ways as the principal motive. A splendid mirror-back chair at the Metropolitan Museum, belonging truly to the Satyr-Mask period of Early Georgian, has a hangover of four eagle-heads, one at the extremity of each arm, and one, with the talons also, to form the hood of the cresting.

As stated already in this article the highboy was a favorite form of chest in this period, but it was no longer a rectilinear affair on straight stretchered legs. It was light-



"SPIDER-LEG" TABLE ILLUSTRATING THE GRACE OF GOOD CABINET-MAKING IN QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN

ened in appearance, given a graceful curved pediment in various shapes, and placed upon four slender cabriole legs without any stretcher at all.

Wing-chairs, introduced from Holland as early as James II, became very popular in Queen Anne's reign but they were lower in the back than the earlier ones, stood on short stumpy cabriole legs without a stretcher, and were provided with a loose cushion in order to make the seat comfortably high. Needlework in wool, *gros-point* and *petit-point*, was extensively used for upholstery purposes and the genuine old needlework of this period is much sought after today.

The tables of the Queen Anne style are generally of the drop-leaf type, with a swinging leg (not a gate-leg for there is no stretcher), all the legs being very slender and simple but cut in fine lines lending themselves to a beautiful *patina* such as is difficult to obtain with any other style of English furniture. They are sometimes known as "Spider-leg tables." An example of this graceful table is illustrated above.



ABOVE: TYPICAL QUEEN ANNE HIGHBOY. AT LEFT: "SPREAD-EAGLE" HANDLE AND KEY PLATE

ART *and* OTHER THINGS By GUY
EGLINGTON

A YEAR ago I was walking over the hills behind Settignano with Leo Stein. We talked of Stein's days in Paris; of Matisse selling his first important picture, refusing to lower the price and all the time prostrate with anxiety lest the sale not materialize; of the curious case of Picasso, born, in Stein's view, out of his time, a lyric artist forced into the Cézanne tradition; of Renoir and a certain picture in Durand-Ruel's window that so haunted Stein's dreams that he sent his sister to buy it in the morning; of Stein's gradual realization that he had gotten all that he would ever get out of pictures, and his growing absorption in his own theory, propounded in a series of articles, of pictorial vision, according to which every man had it in his power to be his own picture maker. These and many other things we discussed, I listening the more readily that I realized that I was with one of the world's finest talkers. Finally I asked—with regret, for my days in Italy were numbered—whether Stein had any thought of returning to America. He shook his head. What should he do there? In Italy he could work in peace. In New York he would be forced to write for a living. A critic's job. He looked at me in compassion. I would as soon take the job of a critic on a daily paper, he said, as I would walk down Fifth Avenue, handing bouquets to those I liked and sticking pins into those whose faces displeased me. The one is as honest as the other.

The remark comes vividly to mind as I sit down to review the art season. Bouquets and pins! What a quantity of pins one collects in the course of one winter of exhibitions. Not even the exercise of that instinctive selection which comes with experience seems to diminish the number. Packets and packets of pins and the bouquets—how few.

First, the Russian invasion. It began several years ago—with Roerich, I imagine. Then came the Repin exhibition, representing the narrative, intensely national school of the last century. We were polite to Repin, if a little cool. But all the while a legend was growing up of a marvelous school of Russian *décorateurs*, some exiled in Paris, some still working in Russia, a school of barbaric colorists, of which Roerich and Anisfeld were nothing more than pale reflections. The theory was that the Slav, released from the Byzantine tradition on the one hand, on the other

from imitation of European models, had found his true nature in a more than oriental splendor. Names were whispered, familiar names that evoked memories of the Russian ballet. Soudeikine, Gontcharova, Larionow, Bakst, Benois. . . . Our minds recalled the gorgeous settings and costumes of the ballets, Benois' *Petrouchka*, Gontcharova's *La Liturgie*, Bakst's *Sheherazade*, and we imagined all this barbaric splendor transferred to canvas, rich, passionate, racy because sprung out of the soil itself. . . .

A legend. A dream rather. Half self-hypnotism, a willingness to believe in any foreign miracle, half excellent press-agenting. Who shall blame us? The evidence, the ballet, was there. Only logic failed which should have told us that a scenic designer of genius is not necessarily a painter of the same rank.

Well, we have paid for our credulity. One by one the great unknown have come over, have been greeted with flourish of trumpets, have exhibited their pictures to the admiring multitude. To one after the other we have gone hopefully, hoping against hope for the New and Promised Dispensation. From one after the other we have turned sadly, bitterly aware that not only has the new day failed to dawn, but that even the most prosaic of Monday morning washing day reality was lacking.

The legend of the art of the Russian *décorateurs* is the great South Sea Bubble of modern art. Rich in color sense, fecund in imagination, full of life and gaiety, so long as they worked for the ballet and Diaghileff, the Russians, when they turned to canvas, seem to have swapped their natural talents for the husk of what they deemed to be modernism. Self-consciousness, the ever present desire to be artists, and not merely artists, but modern artists, dogged them. All spontaneity fled from their work. They forced a purely naturalistic conception into arbitrary moulds in the almost pathetic effort to be in the swing. Perhaps they are not wholly to be blamed. Paris is their market, and Paris will tolerate nothing which does not further its own interests by reaffirming its shibboleths.

But, so far as America is concerned, we must sadly admit that they have nothing to give us. If there were any hopes remaining, this season's exhibitions would dash them. First Grigoriev, then Soudeikine, both shown at full length at the New Gallery, drove the last nails into the Russian coffin.

Of the two Soudeikine is perhaps preferable, for he at least seems to have some inkling of the nature of his talent. He is an illustrator and there are moments when he is not ashamed of the fact. But unhappily he has failed to find his medium. His large canvases, which look excellent in color reproduction—I recall especially a plate in the now defunct *Feuillets d'Art*—are flat and dead, his color opaque, his line without resilience.

Grigoriew on the other hand is all out to be an Artist—the larger the A the better—and his fall is the more disastrous. His talent would seem to lie in the decoration of large surfaces with flat areas of color. One can imagine him making excellent posters, or even, could he once release his now constricted imagination, achieving effective wall decorations. It is typical of the present *égarement* of the Russian movement that such a thought makes no appeal to him. Living in an atmosphere permeated with the doctrines of the post-Cézanne school, theories of volume and mass dominate his will though they make no appeal to his creative imagination. His aim is in effect the delineation of character, his medium the purest of naturalism, upon which is imposed an arbitrary formal scheme. The result, in isolated works, might appear at first sight impressive, but a gallery of such portraits, stereotyped in every detail, is desolating to the last degree. If the New Gallery had wished to scotch his reputation, they could not have chosen a more effective method.

By contrast with these the Anisfeld show at Reinhardt's was almost gay. Anisfeld has a reputation as a colorist and does his best to live up to it. Certainly he is the reverse of frugal in his employment of brilliant color. He covers enormous canvases with luxuriant visions of more than tropical vegetation in the best theatrical tradition. But his very lavishness in the use of hot tones impairs the resonance of his color. He chokes the fire by piling on the fuel too fast. Your true colorist makes his hot tones sing by the juxtaposition of cool. But in Anisfeld's work there is no contrast, never a breath of air to make the fire draw. At best it exhales an odor of conventional luxury, not unlike the *décors* of the Early Pullman period, when gold and red plush symbolized wealth and ease.

What remains then of the much advertised Russian school? Little, I fear. A few designs for stage sets, designs for costumes. As I look back, the drawings of Larionow and Gontcharova, shown at Kingore's two years back, are my most positive memory. I was the more disappointed when I saw in Paris some of their more ambitious

works. The Russians, with all their talent, seem incapable of carrying through large compositions without the aid of external formulæ. Having no strong tradition on which to build, and powerless to create one for themselves, the choice seems to lie between the adoption of a *procédé* on the one hand, and on the other the creation of works of a purely decorative and essentially fragmentary nature.

Three exhibitions at Wildenstein's cry out for comment, the Picasso and Marie Laurencin shows brought over by M. Paul Rosenberg and the palatial decorations of José Marie Sert. Both Picasso and Sert drew large crowds and about both an amazing amount of nonsense has been talked. Faced with exhibitions like these, criticism seems to be all at sea. On the one hand you have the so-called *modern* critics, Messrs. McBride, Watson and Co., on the other the conservatives with Royal Cortissoz at their head. Now it is as useless to expect Mr. Cortissoz to appreciate Picasso as it is to expect Mr. Watson to appreciate Sert. But one might have hoped from each a balanced judgment within his own field. But no. Mr. Cortissoz feels bound to bow the knee at the altar of an avowed conservative and Mr. Watson must needs raise his hat at the very name of the arch-radical, Picasso. Yet I can not believe that Mr. Watson, if he stopped to compare, would regard the present Picasso exhibition as a noteworthy contribution to modern art, and I have too high an opinion of Mr. Cortissoz's sensitive appreciation of beauty within the field to which he restricts it to imagine him surviving one week in an atmosphere permeated by Mr. Sert's murals. So we have the somewhat pathetic picture of two armed forces fighting a battle royal around standards which they, if they would permit themselves to think coolly on the subject, they would be the first to disown.

The cause of modern art is not served by a blind acceptance of everything sent over from Paris. At the same time as the Picasso show Courbet's "Toilette de la Mariée" was shown in the other room. Although this is one of the finest Courbets in the world and certainly the finest in this country, no critic so much as mentioned it!

The situation was further complicated by M. Rosenberg's own attitude towards his new venture. Apparently unaware that America has had during the last ten years excellent opportunities of studying modern French painting, he adopted the pose of a missionary bringing civilization to a

barren and barbaric land. This somewhat belated condescension would have been hard enough to stomach even had the works which he brought over been of the highest order. But to me at least a considerable number of the Picassos had the air of having been made expressly for American consumption—I think especially of those exquisite drawings enormously enlarged out of their proper dimension—and I was unable to find in the whole exhibition a single work which could compare with those dispersed with the Kelekian collection.

Probably both the Picassos and the Marie Laurencins would have been seen to better advantage had they been hung side by side in the same gallery, instead of in separate rooms. A roomful of Marie Laurencins must needs appear monotonous and constant reiteration of her somewhat precious color is almost unbearable. For this reason she received less appreciation than she deserved. Probably too she suffered by association with that vague thing, modernism. Having been educated up to a laborious appreciation of Cézanne, the American public finds it difficult to accept a delicate spirit such as Marie Laurencin as an emanation of the same impulse. And in this they are more than half justified, for Marie Laurencin, though indubitably twentieth century, is far more nearly related to the French artists of the eighteenth century than she is to the Post-Impressionists.* These set out to be builders, she to be the exquisite *décorateur* that she has become.

Of Sert little need be said. He has the air of one marked out for a rapid success. At first blush he gives the impression of being a great fellow, bold in design, generous in color, full of meat. It is possible that he is all these things. One can not judge from his completed panels, since these are but enlargements of small sketches. The sketches, done apparently with his own hand, have a certain pleasing dash which is conspicuously lacking in the completed works. The drawing too is notably superior. It was one of the minor humors of the season to find that this painter—or should we say *entrepreneur de peinture*—so advertised for his masculine qualities, is incapable of achieving a mass possessing weight, or a line capable of bearing its stress. In one of the panels a spineless ladder bears a massive but evidently hollow female figure, who carries on her head a basket of weightless fruit. It is details like these that a conservative critic might be expected to notice.

*Modern art still means to the general, Cézanne, although that great artist has already been dead for nearly twenty years, and although the finest contemporary work is being done largely in defiance of his tradition.

The Matisse exhibition at Brummer's was a very different affair, and, though the two have almost nothing in common, inevitably challenged comparison with that of Picasso. From such a comparison, unfair as it is, the former can not but gain. There is a conviction about the slightest of Matisse's works which is but rarely felt in Picasso. The matter was admirably put to me the other day by a French critic. He wrote: "*C'est un grand tourmenté que Picasso, beaucoup moins bluffeur qu'on ne se l'imagine, cherchant toujours, non pas à étonner, mais à s'exprimer vraiment lui-même, et qui erre depuis si longtemps sur sa propre trace qu'il a fini par brouiller les pistes et ne s'y reconnaît plus.*" Matisse on the other hand had pursued a direct path. Whatever his own private doubts may have been—and no one could have passed through the physical, intellectual and moral turmoil of the last twenty years without doubting—one is never conscious of them in his work. Whether one like it or hate it, one is forced to accept it. It is big enough—in this perhaps alone of modern painting—to be independent of one's liking or hating. It bears all over it the seal of the master. A work such as the large "Still Life," which was the *clou* of the Brummer exhibition, stamps itself indelibly on the mind. As with Courbet, as with Cézanne, so before a Matisse one exclaims: "*Voilà le Maître!*"

Four sculptors compete for notice, all four of considerable reputations, Maillol the Frenchman, Kolbe the German, Epstein the Englishman and Archipenko the Russian.

I unfortunately missed the Archipenko show at Kingore's and saw only a selection later in the season at Reinhardt's where it had to sustain formidable competition from a fine group of French pictures, mainly loans from the Tilla Durieux collection. I was on the whole more impressed than I had expected to be. Those marbles of Archipenko, though they have almost nothing of the feel of sculpture, are so superb in outline that one is almost satisfied thereby. And this is curious, in that it suggests that a minor grace, raised to the nth power, is capable of compensating for that prime necessity of sculpture, inner structure. One can hardly believe it. And yet—if one tries to imagine the torso of an Archipenko, severed from head and limbs, the outline mutilated, I doubt whether any fragment of its surface would so much as hint at the distinction of its authorship. It remains to be seen whether this work, which—with all its shortcomings, its abuse of material, its substitution of external for inner structure, its coldness of surface—has so undeniable an allure,

will retain its power, or whether its inner weakness will in time take its revenge.

In any case, the Lord preserve us from an Archipenko school.

For contrast—Epstein. The least *distinguished* of modern sculptors. It is a little hard to be just to the man. He has such talent, and yet has achieved so little. He has no grip on his mind, consequently no grip on his material. A brilliant start and every time it evades him. Everywhere in his work holes, passages where the bronze loses its consistency, caves in. Characteristically he chooses to work in, for him, the worst possible material—clay. Given his weakness, combined with his fatal brilliance, stone might yet save the day for him. A hard stone. Any material which would resist the fatal facility of fingers. He is too talented a man to waste himself on fragments.

Of Kolbe I have seen little, except in reproduction. His "Assunta," which was shown at the

Anderson Galleries and later at Weyhe's is a fine work, nearly though not quite of the highest order of sculpture. A great sculptor has more feeling for his material than has Kolbe. The bronze of the "Assunta" might equally be plastoline.

The Maillol exhibition at the Whitney Studio Club was an achievement, having in mind the difficulty of getting together any collection of Maillol's work. But, as an introduction to America, it hardly did him justice. There were two large figures, a fine torso of a woman walking, and a very inferior torso with head. In addition there were some smaller bronzes, terracottas, and a few excellent drawings. But let no one who saw that exhibition imagine that he has even begun to see Maillol.

I am at the end of my tether and have spoken only of foreigners, whereas I had intended to devote two-thirds of the article to Americans. That will be for next month.

"LANDSCAPE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE"

BY HENRI MATISSE



A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

MODERN INDIAN ARTISTS, VOL. II. ASIT KUMAR HALDAR. *By James H. Cousins and Ordbendra Coomar Gangoly. Orientalia, New York. Price, about \$10.*

IT is just a year since the first volume of this series¹ written by Gangoly and devoted to the work of Khsitindra Nath Mazumdar, was published. Haldar, to whom is given the second volume, is also one of the young artists of the Calcutta school and has been chosen because he stands for much that is significant of the group whose leaders, Bose and Tagore, will be written of later. Haldar, says Dr. Cousins, "has escaped theology, almost escaped the 'Puranas,' and has earned a distinctive place in the hierarchy of Indian artists as a painter who, whether dealing with mythology and symbolism, with history or with humanity and nature, invests his work with a pervasive sense of the intermingling of the human spirit with the Divine Spirit." But although to eyes accustomed to Indian painting his art may seem unusually free of theology and ritual, even his *genre* subjects express to us so much of the subjective quality of the oriental concept of material things that all of his work leaves an impression of mystic force. In his masterpiece he is preëminently the Bengali symbolist, having taken for his subject the Rasalila, or dance of Krishna with the milkmaids, a subject deeply ingrained in the religious thought of his people.

Dr. Cousins writes briefly and allows Gangoly to complete the text with a paragraph or two about each picture which, considering that their subject matter is so unfamiliar to Western students, are gratefully received. There are five color plates in the book and twenty photogravures. The paintings illustrated are in the collections of Dr. Ananda Coomaraswami of Boston, Mrs. J. J. Tracy, Mr. Leonard Jennings of London, Rabindra Nath Tagore, P. R. Das and various Indian collectors. The book was printed at the Clive Press, Calcutta, and the edition is limited to 225 copies.

ENGLISH POTTERY: ITS DEVELOPMENT FROM EARLY TIMES TO THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. *By Bernard Rackham and Herbert Read; with an appendix on the Wrotham Potters by Dr. J. W. L. Glaisber. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$30.*

TO COLLECTORS of English pottery the centuries before the seventeenth and eighteenth held nothing of interest, the comparatively few known pieces being chiefly in museums and only held as worthy of interest by archæologists and a limited number of enthusiasts. Among such may safely be included the authors of this ponderous volume in which one hundred and thirty-five pages of text are supplemented by one hundred and fifteen plates showing reproductions of two hundred and seven examples of the English potters' craft. It is distinctly noticeable that in spite of the stress laid on the importance of very early English pottery in the introduction to the work, that is before the sixteenth century, the authors have found little to tell their readers since the chapter on the pottery of the Middle Ages and Tudor times is only given six pages, most of the examples described dating from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries.

The earliest example reproduced is a fourteenth century buff earthenware jug with decoration applied in colored clays under a yellow lead glaze, this illustrating the "most characteristic triumph" of the English potters "which earns for them a worthy place in the history of the craft." The thirteenth century is the earliest date at which a period can be assigned to medieval wares "and even then we cannot differentiate this century and the two succeeding ones with any dogmatic assurance." Possibly some day this subject may assume interest to a German scholar and he will develop this very slight opening sketch into an authoritative monograph. Seven subsequent chapters are devoted to more solid ground which has a more extensive bibliography. These treat of the "great" periods of English pottery to the advent of Wedgwood, since which there appears to have been nothing accomplished worthy of a place in the record. Pictorially this work is extremely attractive, the subjects being well selected and their reproduction a delight, particularly in the colored plates.

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS.

CHARLES SHANNON. AMBROSE McEVoy. *Two Volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$2 each.*

AS A PICTURE book and as an appreciation of the late Sir Charles Shannon this addition to the Scribner's series of monographs on *Contemporary British Artists* is a distinct success but it would be immeasurably improved for the average student and reader if it contained a few facts as to Shannon's life. That he was an American long domiciled in London and that he was knighted by the British government is nowhere mentioned in the text, the assumption being, apparently, either that these facts are unimportant or that everyone knows them. To a certain class of art writers biographical facts are simply extraneous matter but in view of the general interest in them the editor of this series might see to it that such facts are at least added in a note to the appreciation.

The McEvoy monograph is a decided improvement in respect to telling its readers something of his personal career although it is equally barren of dates. The excellent selection of illustrations shows the gradual change of his style from the Gallic definiteness of his earlier days to his loosely painted manner of today. In spite of the fact that McEvoy is a "West-countryman of Celtic extraction" and a product of the Slade school in London, he is more of a Frenchman in his art than he is a Briton.

THE ETCHINGS OF D. Y. CAMERON. *By Arthur M. Hind. Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd., London.*

BOTH FOR its pictures and text this handsomely bound and illustrated work on the distinguished Scotch etcher, D. Y. Cameron, is a vast improvement over most books of its kind. Mr. Hind, in his critical biographical introduction, gives the reader that most necessary thing for the best understanding of any artist's work, the background of his ancestry and early life. Nor is he at all fulsome in his praise of Cameron, pointing out how slowly he rose to success and how in the beginnings of his practice of the art of etching he showed none of the "wizardry of

Bone or McBey, or the soundness of Strang," his three best-known etcher compatriots.

Cameron has been etching for thirty-seven years, since 1887, and in that time has produced the large number of four hundred and eighty-three plates in addition to his Scottish landscape paintings. Mr. Hind describes his methods of working and printing—of late he has done most of his printing himself—and traces the years of his work in this field with critical descriptions of the plates of each year up to 1923. He also gives a chronological list of the artist's etchings from No. 1, of 1887, to No. 470, of last year. Pictorially this volume is equally satisfying, ninety-five plates being beautifully reproduced with four studies for three of his etchings.

DECORATIVE WRITING AND ARRANGEMENT OF LETTERING. *By Prof. Alfred Erdmann and Adolphe A. Braun with prefatory note by G. M. Ellwood. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$3.*

"TO THE USE of lettering in business this book is mainly devoted," writes G. M. Ellwood, in his very practical and commonsense prefatory note to this admirable handbook on the craft of lettering. And he adds, with complete justification, that "the ground covered by the authors is different to that of any existing book, and where they touch old problems—as in the basic principles of pen-lettering—their treatment is so modern and practical that the possibilities of the method are shown as a great field of adventure rather than a dry series of exercises."

The ground covered by the text includes the practical value of artistic writing, its commercial scope, the development of writing and the tools used. It also treats of the making of sketches, arrangement of and different kinds of writing and script as ornament. The illustrations, which include four color plates, number over a hundred and will be of great help to both the student and the professional following this craft.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF AMERICAN ARTISTS. FIFTH EDITION. *Michigan State Library, Lansing, Mich. Price, 75 cents.*

IT IS PROOF of the merits of this work of compilation issued by the Michigan State Library under the direction of Mrs. Mary E. Frankhauser, state librarian, and Miss Helen L. Earle, compiler, that it should now appear in its fifth edition. The individual sketches are excellent in spite of their brevity and the scope of the text may be judged by the fact that the records of three hundred and thirty-eight painters alone are printed together with those of sculptors, illustrators, miniature painters, etchers, mural painters and stained glass designers. There is a separate list of names under these divisions, a bibliography and several pages devoted to periodical references. As a work of reference this book is invaluable to everyone interested in American art either professionally or as an amateur.

THE BOOK OF LOVAT. *By Haldane Macfall. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$9.*

MR. MACFALL, whom Lovat Fraser called his "big brother," has endeavored to create in this memorial volume a portrait of the man whom he regarded as his closest friend and whose work he so much admired. To Americans, who associate Fraser primarily with the theater,

the volume of his work in other fields will be a surprise. If it is felt, in reading this book, that too much stress has been laid on the artist's productions in connection with the writings of Mr. Macfall, the explanation can probably be found in the close personal relationship of the two men. It does seem unfortunate, however, that Fraser's most important work, that which he did for the theater, should have received such comparatively slight attention.

BOSTON DAYS OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT. *By Martha A. S. Shannon. Marshall Jones Co., Boston.*

THERE is already so comprehensive a literature on the life and work of this most devoted American follower of the Romantic school of French art that the writer of this chatty and very human appreciation of Hunt makes acknowledgment in her preface to half a dozen sources from which she has drawn for some of her material. To those who have never read Miss Knowlton's comprehensive biography of William Morris Hunt this book will be a satisfactory revelation of the career and character of the man and the artist, for while it is chiefly devoted to the period he spent in Boston "in what have been styled the 'yeasty years' of the Sixties and Seventies" the writer has filled in sufficient details previous to and after that time to make the story of his life fairly complete. She has also had the excellent judgment to quote not a few passages from Hunt's *Talks on Art* which all art students, whether lay or professional, should read for the sound wisdom and common sense contained in them. The illustrations from Hunt's paintings are selected with admirable taste and will help to inform the younger generation of art students how fine a painter he was, particularly in his portraits of New England men and women.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

DIE KUNST FERDINAND HODLERS. *By Ewald Bender. Rascher & Cie., A. G., Zurich.*

NICOLAES MAES. *By W. R. Valentiner. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart, Germany.*

ART TRAINING FOR LIFE AND FOR INDUSTRY. *By Charles Alpheus Bennet. The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Illinois. Price, \$1.*

GRAFT

AMERICAN TYPE DESIGN IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: With Specimens of the Outstanding Types Produced During this Period. *By Douglas C. McMurtrie with an Introduction by Frederic W. Goudy. Robert O. Ballou, Chicago.*

LIGHT AND WORK. *By M. Luckiesb. Van Nostrand Co., New York. Price, \$4.*

PICTORIAL BEAUTY ON THE SCREEN. *By Victor O. Freeburg. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$2.50.*

HANDBOOK OF MODERN FURNITURE CULTURE. *Alexander Koch, Germany.*

TRAVEL

GRENOBLE AND THEREABOUTS. *By Henri Ferrand. THE ITALIAN LAKES.* *By Gabriel Faure. The Medici Society, Ltd., Boston. Price, \$2.50 each.*

PICTURESQUE GERMANY. *By Gerhart Hauptmann. Brentano's, New York. Price, \$6.*

THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

IN THE SEPTEMBER number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO more space than in any previous issue will be devoted to residence architecture, decoration and furniture. For the collector there will be an unusually interesting article by William Laurel Harris and another by Mrs. Gordon-Stables, both of which are described in greater detail below. There will also be another installment of Major de Bles' interesting and informative series on the history of furniture styles, and a description, with a color plate, of a rare example of Melas prayer rug from the collection of Mrs. John Franklin Forbes of San Francisco.

There are several articles scheduled which will be of particular interest to the home builder. These will include three on special phases of contemporary furniture and one on the practical restoration of old houses. The object of these two groups of articles is to give the readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO as broad an outlook as is possible within the confines of one number on the almost infinite variations which may be played on the theme of good taste in home decoration and furnishing.

TO A PRIVATE New York collection of silver, one that is ranked with the half-dozen really famous American assemblages of this form of craftsmanship, there has recently been added a group of thirty examples of Gothic and English work acquired at the sale of the world renowned Swaythling collection in London. These pieces range in point of time from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries and represent the flower of the "goldsmith's" craft as it was practiced in the golden age of that "mystery" as it was anciently styled. In the week before his lamented death William Laurel Harris wrote for INTERNATIONAL STUDIO an article on these thirty examples called "The 'Mystery' of Silver" in which he describes the pieces themselves and tells the reader what they mean in the history of this craft and of their great potential importance to design in America. In addition to its authoritative character the article is further illuminated by photographs of several of the most striking pieces which are now permanent additions to our country's great art treasures.

OF ALL the accessories of costume ever used by women none lends itself so naturally and so gracefully to decoration as the fan. Eastern and western artists of all countries have decorated the fan and this whether it was used in royal processions or religious ritual or in its simpler social phases of being an addition to a costume or a cooling device. This custom grew until, in the eighteenth century, fan decoration reached so exquisite a state that these objects are now regarded as treasures of the highest order by museums and collectors. And then with the coming of the industrial revolution the art of fan decoration suffered an eclipse from which it has been emerging in comparatively recent years, particularly in England. The work of two contemporary English fan painters, George Sheringham and Mary Davis, will be described by Mrs. Gordon-Stables in the September number and illustrated with a color plate and several photographs of their very charming fan designs.

THE GREAT HOUSES of colonial New England have been written about until there seems almost nothing left to say, but the smaller houses, those which correspond more closely to the cottage type in England, have suffered an unmerited

neglect. Yet it is these houses which lend themselves most readily to conversion into modern comfortable homes, and this restoration and conversion can be effected without destroying their original charm. That this can be readily accomplished, and how it has been done by a group of artists in Westport, Connecticut, will be the basis of an article by Jo Pennington which will appear in the September number. The article derives unusual interest from the fact that much of the work of remodeling has been done by the owners themselves and is, moreover, full of practical suggestions for the home builder.

"AMERICA is learning more of Russian art by direct contact with her people who have come here for reasons political or economic than in decades of ever so friendly relations with the seas between. The number of Russian artists in New York appears to increase daily. . . . One of the recent arrivals in New York is Roman F. Melzer, architect and designer, who has been here not quite a year. Melzer held a position of distinction in Russia, having been personal architect to Nicholas II."

The quotation is from an article by Helen Comstock on the furniture which Mr. Melzer is designing and having made today. In this furniture much of the Russian tradition of decoration is preserved; the pieces are gay and colorful without being bizarre. The story of this furniture and of Melzer's difficulties during and after the revolution gives an interesting sidelight on Russia, and will also offer suggestions for unusual decorative schemes.

JO DAVIDSON recently completed five portrait busts of as many American men whose names are familiar the world over in business, finance, art and the law. INTERNATIONAL STUDIO has secured a series of remarkable photographs by Charles Sheeler of these sculptures, photographs that are works of art in themselves, and will reproduce them in two colors in the September number. In these busts of John D. Rockefeller, Samuel M. Vauclain, Otto H. Kahn, Mitchell Kennerley and William D. Guthrie, Karl Freund sees a renaissance of the work of the great French sculptor Houdon; and he develops this resemblance in an article on "Five Busts of Men" which is also an interpretation of the work of Jo Davidson. Reproductions of five of Houdon's portrait busts also will be reproduced to illustrate the main thesis of Mr. Freund's critical appreciation.

ROBERT LAURENT is an American sculptor whose wood-carving is widely known for its humorous and satiric qualities. To those who have seen only this phase of his output his carvings in marble and alabaster will come as a distinct surprise. Laurent, because of his own ability and of his association with the late Hamilton Easter Field, is an important figure in the art world. For this reason, and because of the unusual beauty of the works reproduced as illustrations, readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO should be greatly interested in the story of the man and his work as told by Guy Eglington in the September number.

THE PORTRAIT of Mrs. Jefferson Penn by Ercole Cartotto which is reproduced on the cover of this number is used by courtesy of the Milch Galleries.

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DATE	FROM	TO	VIA	LINE	STEAMER
Sept. 2	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	White Star	Canopic
Sept. 3	Montreal	Antwerp	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Melita
Sept. 3	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
Sept. 3	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Sept. 4	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Bremen
Sept. 4	Quebec	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
Sept. 4	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	Geo. Washington
Sept. 4	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Belgenland
Sept. 5	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
Sept. 5	New York	Greenock	Belfast, Plymouth	Royal Mail	Orduna
Sept. 6	New York	Rotterdam	Boulogne, Plymouth	Holland-America	New Amsterdam
Sept. 6	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau
Sept. 6	New York	Glasgow	Londonberry	Cunard	Cameronia
Sept. 6	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Laconia
Sept. 6	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	Republic
Sept. 6	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
Sept. 6	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Ohio
Sept. 6	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Sept. 6	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
Sept. 6	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Megantic
Sept. 9	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Stuttgart
Sept. 9	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillon
Sept. 9	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Franconia
Sept. 9	New York	Glasgow	Londonberry	Cunard	Tuscania
Sept. 9	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	President Roosevelt
Sept. 10	Quebec	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
Sept. 10	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Sept. 10	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania
Sept. 11	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Luetzow
Sept. 11	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
Sept. 11	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Lapland
Sept. 12	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
Sept. 13	New York	Rotterdam	Boulogne, Plymouth	Holland-America	Ryndam
Sept. 13	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffren
Sept. 13	New York	Glasgow	Londonberry	Cunard	Columbia
Sept. 13	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Lancastria
Sept. 13	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	America
Sept. 13	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Sept. 13	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
Sept. 13	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Regina
Sept. 16	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Sierra Ventana
Sept. 17	Montreal	Antwerp	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
Sept. 17	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Sept. 17	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Auitania
Sept. 18	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Derfflinger
Sept. 18	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama
Sept. 19	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montroyal
Sept. 20	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Columbus
Sept. 20	New York	Rotterdam	Boulogne, Plymouth	Holland-America	Rotterdam
Sept. 20	New York	Glasgow	Londonberry	Cunard	California
Sept. 20	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
Sept. 20	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	President Harding
Sept. 20	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orbita
Sept. 20	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Sept. 20	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
Sept. 20	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Canada
Sept. 23	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	York
Sept. 23	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
Sept. 24	Quebec	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland
Sept. 24	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Chicago
Sept. 24	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Sept. 25	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch
Sept. 25	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Zeeland
Sept. 26	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
Sept. 27	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Muenchen
Sept. 27	New York	Rotterdam	Boulogne, Plymouth	Holland-America	Volendam
Sept. 27	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Lafayette
Sept. 27	New York	Glasgow	Londonberry	Cunard	Assyria
Sept. 27	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Saxonia
Sept. 27	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
Sept. 27	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Sept. 27	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
Sept. 27	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Doric
Sept. 30	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	La Bourdonnais

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 Oct. 3—New Tour to the Antipodes—the South Seas, Australia and South Africa. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
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 Jan. 24, 1925—Around South America—Panama Canal, West Coast, Straits of Magellan, East Coast. S.S. Resolute. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

Jan. 20, 1925—Around-the-World. S.S. California. Arranged by Frank C. Clark.
 Jan. 22, 1925—Around-the-World. S.S. Franconia. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
 Jan. 24, 1925—The Mediterranean. S.S. Homeric. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
 Jan. 20, 1925—Mediterranean Cruise de Luxe. S.S. Scythia. Arranged by Frank Tourist Co.
 Jan. 31, 1925—Mediterranean Cruise. S.S. Laconia. Arranged by Frank C. Clark.
 Jan. 31, 1925—Long West Indies Cruise. S.S. Reliance. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
 Feb. 4, 1925—Mediterranean Cruise. S.S. Rotterdam. Arranged by Holland-America Line.
 Feb. 5, 1925—Mediterranean Cruise. S.S. Samaria. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
 Feb. 9, 1925—Cruise to the Gateway Ports of the Mediterranean. S.S. Empress of Scotland. Arranged by Canadian Pacific Steamships, Ltd.
 Feb. 28, 1925—Long West Indies Cruise. S.S. Reliance. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

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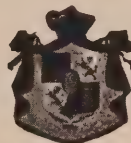
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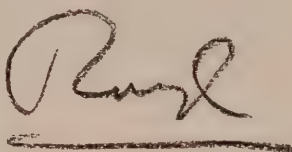


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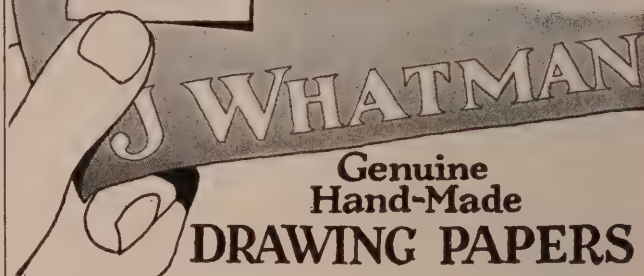
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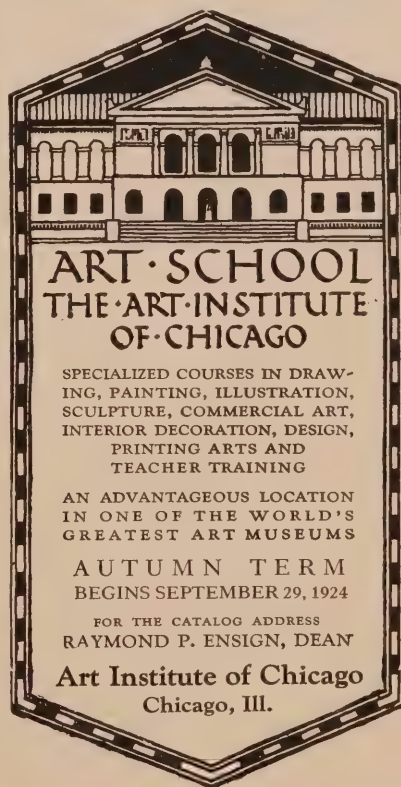
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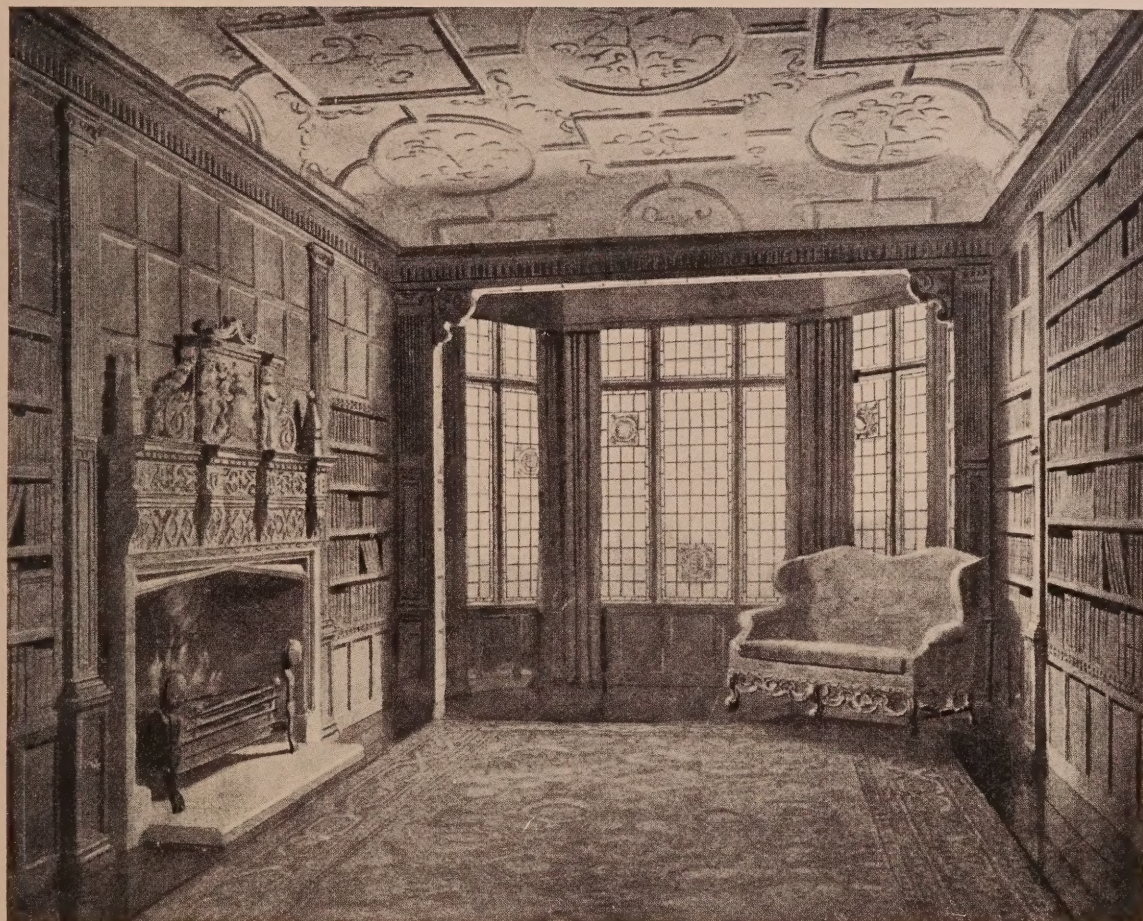
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